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Contents

The Week 198

Editorials

On the New Business Year..... 200
The Meaning of the Barter Exchanges..... 202

General Articles

One Billion Unemployed Robots..Walter N. Polakov 204
Trotsky .....Edmund Wilson 207
Forgive Us Our Debts.....Robert Morss Lovett 209
Back to Barter .....Murray E. King 211
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 213
Dames aux Camélias.....Stark Young 214
Not on the Ticker Tape.....L. M. N. 215
No Chabrier.....Paul Rosenfeld 217

Correspondence 218

Reviews of Books

Days Beyond Recall.....Walter Millis 220
The Soviets' Fifteenth Year.....Herman Simpson 221
Wanted: Socialist Mayors.....Lindsay Rogers 221
The Incredible Lady Caro.....Cuthbert Wright 222
A Tale of Mean Streets.....Nathan Asch 223
Book Notes 223

The Week

THE more we think about the great exchange of telegrams between Messrs. Hoover and Roosevelt, the less we can understand the President's part in the affair. Only a short time ago, he invited Mr. Roosevelt to the White House where he was told plainly (a) that the President-elect refuses to take any responsibility in the matter until after March 4, (b) that he believes in separate negotiations with each power and (c) that he considers existing diplomatic channels the proper means of negotiation. Just to make it plainer, Mr. Roosevelt a few hours later repeated his views in a formal public statement. Mr. Hoover thought this over for a few days and thereupon proceeded to invite Mr. Roosevelt (a) to accept immediate joint responsibility, (b) to approve of a general discussion of debts, disarmament and economic problems and (c) to do this ignoring the one agency which Mr. Roosevelt had said he would use. It would seem that any sane man would have known that Mr. Roosevelt could not accept these terms without a complete about-face from his previous position; yet when he did refuse, in a series of telegrams which tried hard to preserve the diplomatic amenities, Mr. Hoover made the correspondence public with an air of injured innocence, publicly washed his hands of the whole business and all but said in so many words that if the world goes to hell in the next nine weeks it will be Mr. Roosevelt's fault. He conveniently forgets to explain why, if the matter is one of such desperate urgency, he failed to lift a finger in regard to it between the time of the moratorium, June, 1931, and the raising of the question by the Europeans after the election in November, 1932. It is true that the matter is a pressing one—largely because of Mr. Hoover's delay—and Mr. Roosevelt does not cut a very heroic figure in his refusal to take a hand in it until he is President. But after looking back over Mr. Hoover's negotiations in this and other matters, one can hardly blame the President-elect for sticking firmly to his principle of not permitting himself to be tarred with the Hooverian brush under any circumstances or at any price.

AT THE end of the "five-year plan in four years," the Soviet Union finds itself with the ambitious schedule uncompleted in many respects, but still with remarkable advances. The forecast for economic policies in 1933 indicates that the authorities have virtually decided to restore the original fifth year by rounding out the investments in heavy industries already made, increasing their production and lowering their costs. The amount spent for new construction in this field will be less than in 1932. At the same time, more money and attention will be devoted to cultural activities, to local industries, to light industries making consumers' goods. Thus the inauguration of the Second Five Year Plan which in itself lays much more emphasis on supplying the wants of consumers than did the first, will mark a sort of breathing spell in which the nation attempts to catch up with itself and collect the rubbish scattered in its headlong pace. At the same time, there will be a new "purging" of the Communist party—the central drive of the whole endeavor—to weed out incompetents, traitors and the indolent.

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STIRRED to utterance by the terrific publicity which Technocracy has aroused, Howard Scott has given out a signed interview stating that the organization is merely a voluntary research agency which is not staffed to answer questions. Apparently the statement is intended to allay alarm. The word, he says, means only "governance by science—social control through the power of technique, and as such has no connotations of dictatorship by the technician or a soviet of the engineer." It is "a method of scientific procedure in operating a mechanism of a continental order of magnitude and not one of political partisanship based either upon class antipathy or class dominance." Well, "science" and "technique" cannot govern except by human choice and through human persons. The method which the word Technocracy describes cannot be put into effect without sanctions arising in the political field. A hint of this creeps into the latter part of the statement. "The engineer and the technologist of today are the only functional group in our present social structure possessing both the knowledge and the capacity to direct this progression [into a new era] in a sane and orderly fashion." Furthermore, "this continent will have to decide" whether we shall do better by ourselves or continue to increase unemployment and reduce standards of living. "Technocracy . . . is confident that the thinking personnel of this continent will move in a constructive direction." In short, people will have to decide whether to allow the engineers to direct society. Thus the Technocrats, though refusing to make any nods to politics, have to let it in by the back door. And some of us can't help wondering whether the interests of classes may not have something to do with whether the technologists are given scope and, if so, for what ends.

REDS Threaten Bloodshed on Capitol March" ran a headline in The New York Daily News of Sunday, December 4. The story under the headline asserted that Herbert Benjamin, one of the leaders of the hunger march, had delivered a speech in Tom Mooney Hall, Baltimore, on the night of December 3. Benjamin was quoted as follows:

> "They kept us out last year, but Monday we'll break into the Capitol by brute force!" the agitator declared. "They'll listen to our demands or we'll stage a riot right on the spot!
>
> "The cops can't put us out—there aren't enough of them. If Hoover brings in the troops, there'll be a massacre. Pennsylvania Avenue will run red with blood."

There was no meeting in Tom Mooney Hall that Saturday night. Benjamin spoke at a meeting in a Baltimore armory, and stenographic transcriptions show that he said none of the things he is reported to have said. He spoke at 11 p. m., and The News with its quotations from his speech was already on the streets of New York at that hour. The News story, which helped to inflame an already dangerous situation, was made up out of whole cloth. Unfortunately it was not an isolated incident. Not only sensational newspapers like The News and the Hearst press, but also the Associated Press, The United Press, The New York Times, The Herald Tribune and liberal dailies such as The New York World-Telegram, were guilty of distorting the news during the hunger march. The press stands convicted of having falsely pictured the marchers as disorderly and riotous, thus creating an atmosphere which prepared the country for bloodshed in Washington.

THE misleading stories about the marchers can be compared with the silence of the press concerning the provocative conduct of the Washington police. It turned out that the real mob in Washington did not consist of the hunger marchers, who maintained an admirable discipline, but rather of the Washington police who, particularly on the night of Monday, December 5, made every effort to provoke a riot in the camp where the marchers were held as virtual prisoners; and these efforts went unchecked by their superior officers. Yet, though correspondents were present when police spat at and insulted women marchers, slashed tires and tore banners off trucks, dared the marchers to fight and got drunk in the presence of their officers, the newspapers carried hardly a line about their provocative conduct. So far as we can learn, the only newspaper which exposed the situation was The Washington Daily News on December 5 and 6. The New York Times carried part of the story, but buried it on page 46. A national scandal occurred in Washington and the press did not print the facts about it.

THE brief reports which Northern newspapers have published about the pitched battle last week between deputies and share croppers of Tallapoosa County, Alabama, have not even suggested the extent of the struggle there. The battle last week was apparently precipitated by the attempt of a number of armed deputies to seize the mule and cow of the local leader of the Share Croppers' Union, an organization formed under radical auspices, the purpose of which is to unite the tenant farmers, Negro and white, against exploitation by their landlords. In the fight which ensued several Negroes were killed (it is not certain how many) and four of the deputies were wounded. Following the battle a posse spread through the county with the avowed purpose of wiping out the Share Croppers' Union. Any Negro in possession of literature about the Union was immediately seized and manhandled. Violence was carried so far that Negro families having no connection with the Union fled to the hills in fear of their lives. Besides killing at least three Negroes, the authorities have arrested twelve, seven of them being held at present under the charge of attempt to murder.

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THOSE readers who have seen the various articles printed in The New Republic on the status of the share cropper in the South will realize that this recent outbreak was neither unusual nor unexpected. At the present time the share cropper is living under conditions worse than the semi-peonage of previous years when he could at least find a house to shelter him and a farm to work. It is now a case of desperation on both sides—the landlord cannot sell cotton for a profit and the share cropper cannot get food on which to live while he is raising it. Strangely enough, the bitterness of both classes has manifested itself in only two major outbreaks during recent years. In 1919 the croppers of Phillips County, Arkansas, after organizing a union, were attacked by an armed mob and it is estimated that nearly two hundred Negroes were killed. Last year there was the memorable fight at Camp Hill, Alabama, where one Negro was killed and four others were "sent out to cut stove wood," a task from which they never returned. There is little reason to think that this battle in Tallapoosa County will be the last of its kind.

FOR many months the steel business in the United States has been operating at about 20 percent of capacity, and this has resulted in a great deal of unemployment among the workers, particularly in the subsidiaries of the U. S. Steel Company in the Pittsburgh district. Thousands of them, and their families, have been and are in need of assistance. Many of these men, however, have not been dismissed but are simply laid off, pending the presumed return of better times; and in that case, they are not eligible for public relief, which goes only to those who are wholly unemployed. If such an individual applies to the official relief agencies, he is referred back at once to the company which was his own former employer, and there he receives food and clothing. But he also has to sign a form promising to pay back the cost of all these supplies out of his earnings when a job is again available.

THE advantages of this precious scheme—to the company—are obvious. It gets the credit for being very generous, at minimum expense, since the greater part of what it advances it will supposedly get back again when times are better. Workers who owe the company large sums won't dare move away from town, thus reducing labor turnover. Neither will they be so likely to go on strike, or make trouble in other ways. Those whom the officials suspect of being "agitators" can be weeded out, either by withholding supplies now or by holding their debt over them as a club and declaring it due at some later time and without notice. The workers, when they go back on the job, will do so with an incubus of debt sufficient to take the fight out of anybody. And finally, the burden on public relief agencies is greatly lessened, thereby reducing the burden of taxation on these companies and other corporations. What could be sweeter?

On the New Business Year

THERE is no reason why economic writers should be better at predicting the future on January 1 than on any other day of the year, and their luck in predictions has been so bad of late that one would think they would cease attempts at it altogether. Nevertheless the old custom persists; it is a rite like Thanksgiving Day proclamations or birthday greetings from the King. We can be thankful, however, that most of the new year's economic messages this time do not have the cherubic confidence to which we became accustomed during the Coolidge era; the Charlie Schwabishness seems to have gone out of them. More of the writers are talking as if they were serious economic students somewhat imbued with scientific caution.

What can we really see ahead, or think we see most reliably in the shifting shapes of fog? If we are looking for the signs of revival, we should probably attempt to descry the outlines of two important developments, without either or both of which a genuine revival is unlikely to occur. One is the investment of large amounts of new capital in expanding industries. The other is a growth of foreign trade. Try as we may, the sharpest eyes cannot discover either of these things in any quarter.

Why is it necessary to look for new capital investment as a preliminary to a return of prosperity? There are a number of reasons for believing this to be true. If you classify the various industries according to whether they deal in capital or durable goods, on the one hand, or goods sold to individual consumers and currently used, on the other, you will find that the fall of production and employment in a depression occurs principally in the first group. Building construction, steel, metal mining—industries like these experience the greatest drop. Food industries, retail trade, telephone service, domestic electricity consumption—these and similar activities shrink later in a depression, and much less altogether. Automobile manufacture might be thought to be an exception, since the bulk of the output consists of passenger cars sold to individuals, and it has collapsed almost as far as any other trade. But automobiles are durable; they take years to wear out; their purchase usually needs to be financed on credit. In these respects, like individual dwelling houses, they fall in the class of capital goods rather than of consumers' goods used up day by day. Without a revival of the industries making durable goods you cannot confidently expect much of an improvement in production and employment.

Twice during this depression we have experienced the false dawn of an upturn in consumers'-goods industries like textiles and shoes—once in the spring of 1931 and once in the summer and fall of 1932. Both times the movement wore it-

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self out without much lasting effect. This serves to confirm the conclusion outlined above.

The usual sign of a coming expansion in industries like building and steel is a growth of new bond issues and new mortgages. Railroads, factories and builders need long-term loans in quantities if they are to buy large amounts of locomotives, cars, rails, machinery, cement, buildings and the like. Individuals need such loans to finance the erection of new houses. There is no expansion of long-term loans in the financial markets, and none is in sight.

Economists differ as to why this is so. A considerable group of them have been hoping that if the banks should be supplied with ample funds, and their confidence in their own solvency should be restored, they would begin to buy the bond issues of private industries and to lend more freely on mortgage. The consequent opportunity to borrow, they thought, would induce the requisite use of credit. Even now the statement is still heard that if the federal and other governments would only cease borrowing, the private bond market would revive. Another group of economists, however, do not share this hope, under present conditions. They do not believe private industry wants to borrow enough, no matter how easy borrowing might be. There is not sufficient demand for new productive capacity; business men are worrying about utilizing present capacity. There is no visible profit in new construction.

Unless in some way this deadlock can be broken, large amounts of new borrowing will not occur, new sums will not be spent in construction and the manufacture of new machinery and other forms of capital goods, steel and building will not revive, the workers in these industries will not be reëmployed, and a new flow of purchasing power will not pass to the potential ultimate consumers. This is the vicious circle in which, at home, we are revolving.

Foreign trade, in turn, is important in two main respects; it is necessary to supply an outlet for the surplus of our great crops like cotton, wheat, tobacco and hogs, and thus to furnish the farmers with more purchasing power; and it is of scarcely less consequence to certain industries like copper, oil, agricultural implements, automobiles, typewriters, sewing machines, locomotive manufacture. Foreign trade is at the lowest point in recent history, and the statistics show that in this respect the United States has suffered more than any other nation. The immediate obstacles to foreign trade are obvious—the war-debt controversy, high tariffs and other trade restrictions, exchange difficulties. It is, to say the least, not obvious how these difficulties are to be quickly overcome. The underlying difficulties are still more serious. We have become, since the War, a creditor nation. We cannot continue to export to the rest of the world more than we import from it (as we did for years before the War) unless we keep lending the rest of the world enough to buy the surplus. That policy was played out in prosperity. A solution is to import more than we export (including both visible and invisible trade). Therefore, if we are to export as much as before, we must buy from abroad very much more than before. How is this adjustment to be made? Still another possibility is to cease to be a creditor nation—and this would involve the long and difficult process of forgiveness or default of billions of dollars of foreign debts. In addition to all this, internal revival abroad is essential to a recovery of the export markets. No, the path to a recovery of foreign trade is not strewn with roses.

Both at home and abroad, reduction of the existing debt burden seems to be an essential preliminary to anything further. This might not have been the case if a truly inflationary policy had been followed, and had been successful. But it appears to be too late to look for that. Inflation cannot now occur through an increase of private borrowing from the banks. It is not likely to occur through an increase of public borrowing sufficient to finance a large expansion of spending; the economy drive is too powerful to permit it. There is always a chance, of course, that some fiat-money proposal will sweep through Congress and do the job, but nobody would want to predict such an outcome. A continuance of deflation is the necessary alternative. And that cannot be completed without railroad receiverships and reorganizations and, quite possibly, without some big industrial failures. If one were making predictions for the new year, events of this sort would be the most likely on the schedule. They may be healthy developments for the long run, but they are not immediately reassuring. Deflation is also due in farm and city real-estate mortgages. Congress and the President may hasten it and make it more orderly. But in any case it is likely to involve a long-drawn-out and obstinate struggle between debtors and creditors.

There is one item of political hope to be noted. If the domestic-allotment plan or something like it becomes a law, if it can be made to apply to this year's crops, and if it works as is expected, the farmers may, by next fall, begin to have a larger purchasing power. If, by then, they can be relieved of some of their debt and tax burdens, they may begin to buy new farm machinery, automobiles, clothing and other city products. That would help. But there are lots of "ifs" involved.

From these considerations it must be concluded that revival is not in sight. Of course the visibility is low. We may suddenly come into port—or hit a reef. But, as time goes on, the possibility of having an old-fashioned revival, followed by an old-fashioned boom, followed by an old-fashioned depression, interests us even less than formerly. The really important consideration is not to make the business cycle work, but to abolish it by reconstructing our economic machinery.

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The Meaning of the Barter Exchanges

GIVEN a situation of desperate social stress, an idea for alleviation may suddenly issue into widespread action. Such has been the fortune of the exchange movement, the Rocky Mountain variant of which is described on page 211 of this issue by Murray King. The situation which called it forth was our familiar paradox of destitution in the midst of plenty. The idea was the obvious fact that money is neither real wealth nor an absolute necessity to trade. As a result, somewhere in the neighborhood of a million people are now earning their subsistence through exchange organizations.

Probably because of its prolific farm produce, the Far West is the home of the largest and most extensive exchange organizations. About half a million people are benefiting from exchanges in California and thousands more in Washington and Oregon. Denver and Minneapolis have large and growing exchanges. They are to be found in Idaho, Montana, Utah, Texas, Oklahoma, North Dakota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, New Jersey and Georgia. And most of them have been organized by the unemployed themselves. Here are societies of, by and for the people—people for whom our economic system has no place. Here is rugged individualism with a vengeance—finding that coöperation for the general good is necessary to self-respect and survival.

Unemployment relief could be successfully operated on the exchange basis in any city which is within easy driving distance of farm country. Very few farmers will refuse to take advantage of the opportunity to obtain farm labor, skilled labor or professional services in exchange for produce. The other essentials of a relief exchange are: a warehouse for storage and distribution, an office for administration and records, and trucks to take the workers to and from the farms and to transport goods. As a surplus of food accumulates, steps can be taken to obtain facilities for canning it for winter consumption. The Dayton Mutual Exchange, in Dayton, Ohio, was given the use of a commercial cannery and put up several thousand cans of food a week during the late summer and fall. Further productive units may be set up in the form of shoe and clothing repair departments.

A negotiable credit certificate or scrip of some sort is necessary to make the exchange procedure flexible. As it should be issued only for goods or productive labor, some method must be devised to take care of operating expenses. Some exchanges charge a small percentage on the wages of each job that they arrange. Others make use of a type of scrip which requires a stamp to be affixed each time the scrip changes hands. These stamps are purchased for a few cents each. When the scrip has its quota of stamps it may be redeemed—sometimes for cash but usually for a fresh scrip certificate. The total value of the quota of stamps is slightly in excess of the face value of the scrip and this margin goes for operating costs. The experience of several exchanges indicates that the direct issuance of scrip for non-productive expenses of operation is unsound and leads to depreciation.

Viewed as anything but an excellent method of unemployment relief, the exchange movement in its present form has obvious limitations. It is successful in relieving absolute destitution but is, as yet, very far from being able to provide an adequate standard of living—and has very little contact with, or control over, the facilities for large-scale production and distribution. In these times of idle factories and bankrupt railways the question naturally arises, Why not apply the method of the exchange movement—balanced sales and purchases through a central clearing house—to productive industry of all kinds?

An attempt to answer this question in the affirmative is being made in several places. President Morgan of Antioch College—engineer and educator of eminence—has organized the Midwest Exchange to enable manufacturers and other producers to obtain raw materials, labor, technical research and other necessary goods and services in exchange for their products. The exchange is getting together a large and complementary group of member firms. The exchange undertakes to find a source for the requirements and a market for the products of each member. Purchases and sales are kept balanced and a large amount of productive activity is made possible with very little cash turnover. The Midwest Exchange is a non-profit corporation. It pays its operating expenses by charging a commission on the exchanges that it carries through. The Natural Development Association in Utah now operates two canning factories, a tannery, a small oil refinery, a coal mine, a sawmill, a small soap factory, a fruit-drying plant and a sewing department. The N.D.A. differs from the Midwest Exchange chiefly in the fact that the former is trying to develop capital facilities under its own operation and ownership, while the latter is a distribution service for functioning business firms. As a result, the N.D.A. has a smaller problem of balancing consumption with production by finding consumer outlets for goods. Its producers and its consumers are identical. The Midwest organization has opened one local exchange in Yellow Springs, Ohio, to serve as a consumer outlet and it may open other branches later. It is also considering a plan for building up consumer groups among the employees of its member firms.

The problem that immediately confronts us when we speculate about the potentialities of the exchange movement is, Do we have here a possible pathway to a large-scale coördinated economy capable of displacing our present system, or do we have merely an emergency reversion to primi-

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tive economic methods—useful in our present crisis but having no legitimate permanence? There is no easy answer to this question. The exchange movement is certainly a reversion, but it may be characterized as a reversion to economic fundamentals as well as to primitive procedure. Without the collapse of the financial structure and resultant prostration of business there would have been no exchange movement. A recurrence of pre-depression levels of business activity may eliminate it entirely. But pending such recovery we cannot afford to minimize its importance. We are still faced with depression, growing unemployment and general economic insecurity.

Moreover, there is some reason for believing that we may have reached the end of our rope. For months now we have been deluged with fine phrases about the inevitable upswing, the bottom of the trough, and the like. Most of us are still making our plans on the basis of "normal times." But we are still floundering and the expected recovery has yet to put in its appearance. What if there are to be no more normal times?

If this pessimistic possibility becomes a reality we are likely to experience a period of cumulative panic—of legislative attempts at alleviation of conditions by means of agricultural allotment plans, prohibition repeal, sales taxes and currency inflation accompanied by increasing destitution, suffering and unrest. The ultimate explosion might result in a dictatorship of industrialists and financiers, or in socialization of industry, but it would certainly be accompanied by the sort of widespread chaos which sets civilization back for a good while. If such a course of events is likely in the near future, the exchange movement may become more and more important as a potential bridge over confusion. And it is just possible that the exchange movement is a rough foreshadow of the coöperative commonwealth—coming in the back door unannounced.

The chief objections to be urged against this notion are, first, the primitive methods and narrow field of the movement, and, second, its lack of first-class leaders and a far-reaching program. The first of these objections is perfectly sound at the present time. It may, of course, have less importance as the depression continues. The urge to growth is implicit in the exchange movement. An exchange tends constantly to increase the scope of its activities so that its members may obtain more and more of the necessities and luxuries of life through its channels. Every new commodity that becomes available through an exchange widens the circle in which its credit or scrip is acceptable. And this, in turn, makes further expansion possible. Every new production unit acquired lessens dependence on the prevailing economic system, and primitiveness of method may somewhat diminish as size and scope of activity increase.

The second objection—lack of leadership and planning—must be granted. Of the many actively functioning exchanges in the country, there are probably only two—the Midwest Exchange and the Natural Development Association—which are committed to developing a sounder economic life, and which have an extensive program. Even these are essentially capitalist in nature; one capitalist system having collapsed, another is growing up to fill the void. From barter—primitive trade—they proceed to the use of scrip—primitive money. They have not faced the problem of regulating prices and incomes—these are fixed according to prevailing rates in the economy which is breaking down, although the lack of balance among these very prices and incomes is the main obstacle to recovery under the old system. It is true that most of the forms of scrip cannot be hoarded or lent at interest; but a full-blown system, whether capitalist or collectivist, has to have some provisions for credit and for capital accumulation. Before the new systems get far they will have to face the question of how these provisions may be made. If private property in money capital and in productive resources is allowed, the need will be supplied in the old disastrous way. Whether it is or not, the chance is slight that these voluntary associations, without political power or *force majeure*, will be able to accquire use of the more ambitious and complex productive units of a machine civilization. Railroads and giant factories are not likely even to be lent to them, and such plants as they can include will be acquired on terms protecting owner interest in some way.

It is, in one sense, to the credit of the exchange movement that it is largely empirical and planless. Here human ingenuity is acting naturally to show, in limited areas, how silly is the failure of a system which can produce but will not. Let us hope that the lesson will be taken to heart and a more comprehensive and basic attempt will ultimately be made to create an all-embracing system which is coöperative from top to bottom. A nationwide association of self-supporting exchanges, offering means of life to economic refugees, and converted to an adequate program, might be a political force to be reckoned with.

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One Billion Unemployed Robots

FEW OF US realize that since pre-war times the productive capacity of our working population has been increased by one billion man power, equivalent to the added capacity of prime movers of over fifty million horse power. In other words, this nation has added to its productive force an army of one billion invisible electric robots who stand ready, at the turn of a switch, to do the major share of our work in industry, on the farm and in the home.

When we consider that during the past two decades the central stations alone have increased their output in kilowatt hours almost ninefold, despite the fact that the potential capacity of our public utilities was utilized, on the average, to the extent of only about 2,800 hours a year, it becomes obvious that a momentous change has taken place. This transfiguration of our industry was accomplished so gradually that not only the layman and the economist, but even the rank and file of engineers, are hardly aware that the Machine Age has passed away and that we are living in a totally different one—an age of power.

But what were the stages by which this new form of power penetrated industry and transformed so completely technology, administration, productivity and economics? How has the advent of electricity altered the machine, altered labor qualifications, changed industrial relations and eradicated the very basis of old economic concepts?

The outstanding characteristics of the application of electricity to industrial tasks—flexibility, power, precision, freedom of movement and ease of control—paved the way for an extensive use of electric motors. Electric mine elevators, for example, soon replaced steam hoists because of the obvious advantages in safety, speed and better control. For the same reason electric motors were employed for driving shafts in factories and mills. This new motive power made unnecessary the steam pipes from the boiler house to the distant engines and, incidentally, eliminated engine attendance and reduced losses, such as the wear and tear on bearings and belts.

The process continued logically. The long shafts were divided into sections and the "group drive" introduced. The advantages of the "individual drive," that is, each machine operated by its own motor, became evident at once, especially in plants with a variety of machines of which many were used only part time. This step freed the machines from their old shackles and eliminated the maze of belts which obscured light, obstructed free access or endangered the workers' safety. Yet this simple development led to further and more drastic changes. The old layout of the machines in rows along the transmission shafts, with aisles in between, and the old organization of shops, based on the nature of work and type of machines, became an anachronism. Machines, free to be moved about and capable of doing the work anywhere, were grouped according to the consecutive operations in the process of production. This affected the problem of internal transportation and material handling. Machines now can stand in the path of travel of the worked material, each receiving its work from the adjoining machine and passing it on to the next. The new plant layout involves the grouping of several machines under one operator and the use of short chutes or conveyors.

If a layman who had visited an old-style factory should step into this new type of plant, say, for example, the Cadillac Motor Car Company, he would be bewildered. No aisles, no semblance of order or symmetry, not even equal spacing between the machines and not a visible suggestion of general direction! It would impress him as a mad disorder of hurriedly shoved aside and crowded machines. Yet it is a new order of careful planning and precise coördination for a continuous, uninterrupted flow of production.

Another momentous consequence of the wider use of electric motors was a change in the complexion of the factory power plant, caused by the increased demand for electricity. Old mechanical power had to be replaced by electric generators. This meant the centralization of prime movers. During the period between 1919 and 1927, 58.4 percent of internal combustion engines scattered throughout the American plants disappeared; 47.1 percent of water wheels, the mainstay of our old textile and paper mills, were abandoned, while 44.4 percent of old reliable steam engines went into the scrap heap to make room for larger steam turbines, united in wedlock to the electric generators. The capacity of these turbo-generating units in industry more than doubled; the total horse power in all industries increased about 40 percent and the demand for additional power from outside sources caused the public utilities to increase their generating capacity by 186 percent.

As a by-product of this concentration of power resources, the efficiency of power generation increased so rapidly that although the use of power has increased many fold, coal consumption has remained practically the same. The cost of fuel and purchased energy likewise remained essentially unchanged throughout the decade, being roughly $3 per $100 worth of finished product.

With the attending reduction of the number of

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required wage earners (7.2-percent drop from 1919 to 1927) and with the general increase of productivity per man-hour of about 132 percent between 1919 and 1927, the general trend toward the electrification of industry continued in two directions: the adaptation of specially designed electrically actuated machinery and the increasing relegation to electricity of the function of control of quality and precision of manufacturing processes.

If you visit a rayon plant you will be shown, with due pride, a spinning frame on which every single spindle, surmounted by a bucket containing viscose material, is driven by an individual motor of three horse power, making 9,000 revolutions per minute. Such speeds are beyond the reasonable limit of mechanical spindles, because any vibration would damage the yarn. The successful application of such high-speed individual motors assured the growth of this industry in the United States, and during the past fifteen years well over 100,000 individual spindle motors were put in operation.

But whether the material is soft as silk or hard as steel, electric power handles the job. Take, for example, a steel-plate mill. In this plant the plates are manipulated entirely by mechanical means—the human hand never touches the rolled product. Continuous operation is carried on. Starting with an ingot, the steel passes through a universal slabbing mill, which is so arranged that the finished plate can be rolled in one heat from the ingot, or by slabs, being reheated in continuous slabbing furnaces. After leaving the slabbing mill, the steel goes through one stand of scale-breaking rolls, then through edging rolls and finally through finishing rolls. Then the plate goes through leveling machines and is carried over spool-type cooling conveyors to the plate turnover, where it is inspected with X-rays and the electric eye, and at last is sheared to requisite sizes. "The entire mill is under electric control, both for controlling the thickness of the plate and the operation of the side guides and looping apparatus," laconically reports The Electric World.

It is at this point that we leave the Machine Age to find ourselves in the new environment of the Power Age. From time immemorial the worker had to provide the "labor power" and craftsman's skill. The workman is no longer expected to do either. Power not only drives the machine, each separate part of it, starts it and stops it, loads and unloads, but power also controls the quality, *i. e.,* furnishes the skill! And this skill of an electric controlling device is no longer dependent upon sense acuteness. The response of the "electric eye" of a photo-cell, of an electronic device or of an electric pyrometer is unerring. It is not based on old artisan or trade traditions or on long years of training, but on exact scientific data. The workman today need not waste the best years of his life in apprenticeship—a short "vestibule" training is sufficient. But he must possess new, heretofore uncalled-for, psychological qualifications: sustained attention, correct perception and prompt reaction. He is becoming less of a slave of a machine and more of a supervisor of the process. He is less of a mechanic and more of a well rounded human being.

It is chiefly this subtle, remote control of modern industrial processes that gives the specific color to present power production, unthinkable a score of years ago. Try to picture to yourself one solitary operator, located in a control room, say, at the Massena plant of the Aluminum Company of America, who has charge of the temperatures in fourteen electrically heated soaking pits and their operating cycle who, by means of electric signals, directs the mill-crane operator and the gantry crane in charging and discharging pits.

Let us look into a paper mill. Those of you who have seen a paper machine of a few years ago will remember the paper-makers standing around barefooted, ready to jump and climb over the hot wet rolls, tearing off broken paper and threading it again, when the rolls, driven by mechanical clutches, break the paper because of uneven tension. A modern paper machine has a separate motor for each roll, all electrically synchronized, eliminating strain, wear and tear, and controlling temperatures and pressures to assure a uniform product. There is no danger of a worker's slipping and being maimed by the huge hot rolls and gnawing gears. A man operates the electric giant simply by pressing push buttons according to instrument indications. The author was the first to introduce this principle of control in production processes, as far back as 1912, by consolidating the instruments on a control board with remote controls, push buttons and levers. This principle, first introduced in a central power station, was soon applied in a paper mill, celluloid plant and in other industries until by now it is a universally accepted principle of operating control.

Even typesetting has undergone a profound change—from the simple linotype operation to electric teletype setting. There are central composing rooms where the copy is written on a special typewriter which perforates cards much after the fashion of a player-piano roll. These cards are then sent to all the syndicated newspapers, where the type is set automatically from these templates. A no less astounding application of an electric photo-cell is made in three-color plate printing, reducing the required time from thirty-six hours by mechanical means to thirty minutes by the electric method.

At the present time we have reached the stage when a machine is so intimately permeated by electrical forces that it is no longer a machine with electrical attachments or an electrical apparatus with mechanical details, but an integrated

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whole, which in appearance, function, force and principle is totally dissimilar to anything heretofore known. Of course, some industries are more backward than others, but all of them are rapidly moving in the direction of electrification and power production. Even mining and quarrying, within the historical decade of 1919-29, increased the use of electricity from 2,789,383 horse power to 6,124,799 horse power, while its total power requirement was estimated at 7,514,843 horse power, *i. e.*, only 18 percent unelectrified!

The direction of industry is toward automatic, continuous, mass production. It is obvious that, without the opportunities of electric drive, the continuity of present processes could never have been attained. The very idea of mass production implies the notion of the interchangeability of parts. This again would be too difficult and too expensive to obtain without the aid of electricity, which alone enables us to gauge the tolerances of the fitting parts to a ten-thousandth part of an inch. And neither speed nor precision could be had without automatic electric control.

The situation created by modern electric-power production offers further opportunities for electronic control. The thermionic tube, the photocell, the three-element gaseous tube—all can work industrial miracles. The Chase Bag Company of Milwaukee reports the use of a photo-electric relay in piling its product: "a light source projects a beam of light across the path of stitched bags at such a place that the photo-electric relay is actuated and metal fingers come up under each bag and toss it on the pile." Again, a western Pennsylvania mine has a system of automatic door control using the "electric eye" as the controlling relay.

The functions of general supervision are likewise handled by means of electricity. The Selsyn control of the sluices of the Panama Canal is well known: the man in charge, though miles away, can at any given moment see the position of all the numerous parts of the sluice, the level of water, the movement of the chains and of the passing boats. The Mississippi Valley Barge Line Company dispatches its tow boats by radio on their trips between Cincinnati and New Orleans.

Though, during the Machine Age, the main managerial task was to increase the personal efficiency of workers, this phase of management under the reign of power production shrinks into insignificance. The electric machine either does its work efficiently or else does not do it at all. An inquiry among twenty-two Middle Western manufacturers disclosed that eighteen of them would welcome an installation of scientific management in their plants on the condition that neither the rates nor the number of employees shall be reduced! In power production it is no longer the physical force and manual dexterity that are required of the workers, but mental alertness, accurate judgment and precise handling of controls.

With the increased complexity and cost of modern, electrically actuated equipment, the managerial emphasis has shifted to the elimination of idle machine time. This means planning—planning of time; planning of sequence of operations; planning of material movement, of preventive maintenance; preparation of schedules, balance of production of parts, dispatching of every operation; planning of budgets, of tasks, of sales quotas. In the Machine Age these functions were largely taken care of by themselves, through the interrelation of departments, chasers, reservoirs of partly finished articles, et cetera. The steady, rapid flow of continuous production cannot be endangered by the interruption or upsetting of plans anywhere, for that means the stoppage of the whole works and the accumulation of overhead expense by the minute.

Thus, even the personal characteristics of the managers which were essential in the Machine Age —namely, experience and common sense—are of little importance in this new Era of Power. Of what use is experience acquired under vastly different conditions? Of what use is common sense when the factory today demands an uncommon mind, scientifically trained and disciplined, a rare kind of analytical mind, which alone can offer counsel based on correctly evaluated facts of the transition period?

It is not generally appreciated that the increased use of power raised the total wages in manufacturing industry till the end of 1929. Since then finance, not technology, has cut them down to 45 percent of the 1926-29 level. With the increased use of energy and fuel, the total wages paid in industry rose consistently, with the exception of such a special case as the automotive industry. Contrarywise, the lagging industries that have reduced their power consumption (despite increased capacity) showed a reduction in the total wages paid. But, so long as our social-economic notions keep billions of electric robots idle, we have no true relation between the installed capacity and the rate of its use. We have idle men and women, we have idle productive potentialities and we have underconsumption because of our low purchasing power. "If your electric eyes and vacuum tubes are replacing human labor and throwing men out of work"—asks rhetorically an editorial in Electronics—"what real advantage are they to society as now constituted?"

There is but one answer to this query. The new power production is a very real danger "to society as *now* constituted." It is as dangerous as a high explosive in the hands of a baby or a maniac. But, if instead of dropping men from the pay rolls we would drop off hours of work, allowing science and engineering to create leisure, security and higher culture, and if for these shortened hours we would pay more, in proportion to increased productivity, instead of less in proportion to restricted sales, the stimulated use of more power would soon restore our stability.

WALTER N. POLAKOV.

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Trotsky

TROTSKY seems a unique figure. There has perhaps never been another statesman who played so important a part in history, who had at the same time so vivid a consciousness of the historical significance of his role and who has been able to write so brilliant a record of the events in which he figured.

Trotsky is, of course, primarily not a politician, but a master of words. "A well written book," he says, "in which one can find new ideas, and a good pen with which to communicate one's own ideas to others, for me have always been and are today the most valuable and intimate products of culture. The desire for study has never left me, and many times in my life I felt that the revolution was interfering with my systematic work." And elsewhere he speaks of the pleasure that a newly printed book gives him.

"In my eyes," he writes of himself as a schoolboy, "authors, journalists and artists always stood for a world which was more attractive than any other, one open only to the elect." In the second grade at Odessa, he started a magazine with a friend and later did extra work tutoring to earn money to go to the theatre. But the nineties in Russia—Trotsky was born in 1879—were a period of reawakening revolutionary activity after the disillusion of the eighties: Tolstoyanism was giving place to Marxism. When, at seventeen, Trotsky wrote a play in collaboration with another young intellectual, the heroine, in spite of the fact that both of them thought themselves dubious about Marxism, turned out to be a Marxist. The dead hand of the Tsardom pressed everywhere where the mind tried to move and grow; their schoolteachers committed suicide; they felt the future as revolution. "I swallowed books," says Trotsky, "fearful that my entire life would not be enough to prepare me for action." By the time he was eighteen, he had been arrested for circulating illegal literature and he spent the next three years in jail: here he heard for the first time of Lenin and read his newly published book on Russian capitalism. By the beginning of the new century he had been banished to Siberia, where he read Marx, brushing the cockroaches off the page. Thereafter, Trotsky's career was that of a professional revolutionist.

In Siberia he wrote literary criticism, discussed Ibsen, Hauptmann, Maupassant, Nietzsche. But his mastery of language was now to be directed by the requirements of the revolutionist. He learned to excel both as pamphleteer and as orator: his comrades called him "Pero," "Pen." He knew how to analyze and convince, to appeal to the imagination and arouse; to handle the grim Marxist logic with a freer, more sweeping hand than Marx, so as to make of it a compelling instrument of popular exposition and to turn to account the Marxist irony as perhaps only another Jew could have done (remember Heine's debt to Marx!), flaying his opponents alive and turning their skins inside out to show the ignominious carcasses inside their arguments; to raise a laugh with a proverb or fable from the south Russian countryside of his youth, aptly applied to some political contingency, to fix a point with a sudden glancing epigram, to open the horizons of the mind to a vision of the dignity and beauty of a world in which socialism should have guaranteed the domination of the barbarous greeds of man by the disinterested work of the intellect and the creative imagination.

It is this vision that is noble in Trotsky, this passion for cultural improvement—not, as in the case of Lenin, the immediate fellow feeling with others which sets him immediately to work to lift the yoke from their necks—that feeling which, Clara Zetkin remembers, sometimes made his face seem to shrink with the furrows of "unspoken, unspeakable suffering" as if he were "burdened, pierced, oppressed with all the pain of the Russian working people." In analyzing the social protest of his youth, Trotsky tells us that "indignation over injustice" was perhaps more important in it than "sympathy for the downtrodden." He had seen peasants flogged on his father's farm, and they had inspired him with revolt rather than pity. "Beginning with my earliest childhood, in all the impressions of my daily life, human inequality stood out in exceptionally coarse and stark forms. Injustice often assumed the character of impudent license; human dignity was under heel at every step." He found himself a gifted boy in "perhaps the most police-ridden city in police-ridden Russia" and a Jew with his way to make in a world even more hostile to Jews than to other gifted young men. The youth who came to Lenin and Krupskaya heralded as a "young eagle" by their fellow revolutionists in Samara, had brought to the vindication of human dignity a pride which had something of Lucifer's. At nothing was he more successful than lashing his audiences into fury.

Lunacharsky, who first met him in 1905, describes him as arrogant and handsome, rather offensively elegantly dressed for a revolutionist in exile and with none of Lenin's human charm; he either would not or could not do anything to win other people's confidence and friendship and seemed "condemned to a certain loneliness." It was always in his own imagination as the protagonist of Marxism that Trotsky lived. Where Lenin never "glanced in the mirror of history, never even

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thought what posterity would say of him—simply did his work," Trotsky "looked at himself often, treasured his historic role" and would have been willing to sacrifice anything, not excepting his life, so that he might play this part heroically. The ordinary kind of ambition he despised. "What contemptible ambitiousness!" he exclaimed of a social revolutionary leader who had accepted a place in the coalition government before the October revolution, "to abandon his historic position for a portfolio!" With Lenin, we feel that his personality had become completely identified with his purpose. Clara Zetkin tells of one occasion after Lenin had become master of Russia and leader of the Communist International when, in receiving a delegation of German Communists, he kept his appointment so punctually, entered the room so unobtrusively and talked with them so simply and easily, that the Germans, who were used to the frock-coated public-office-inflated Marxists of the Reichstag, did not even guess who he was. One cannot imagine Trotsky's entering a room without making people feel that a personality had arrived. Playing a historic role in Trotsky's case implied an audience. But what a magnificent actor!

He was not merely a spokesman for ideas; the Idea for Trotsky was something which had to be made practically and visibly to triumph. Trotsky as a man of action is a singular, a startling figure. As a military leader he seems absolutely *sui generis*. Though orderly and efficient to the last degree, he is as far removed as possible from the professional military man. His attitude toward professional military men is amusingly shown in his history of the Revolution: "Brussilov and Admiral Kolchak," he writes with condescension from his loftier plane, "a little excelled the others in culture, if you will, but in nothing else. Denikin was not without character, but for the rest, a perfectly ordinary army general who had read five or six books."

Nobody but a Jewish intellectual would criticize generals from that point of view, but it is hard to imagine a regular military man dealing with those generals as Trotsky did. "Show me another man," Gorky reports Lenin as saying, "who could organize almost a model army in a single year, and even win the respect of military experts!" Trotsky, the intellectual, set great store by the military experts, though Stalin, the politician, was suspicious of them on account of their training under the old regime. In spite of Stalin's opposition and Lenin's own doubts, Trotsky organized them and made them work for him. Then he leaped into his armored train and sped from front to front in it so fast, talked to the soldiers so much and so passionately, telegraphed so promptly for supplies, wrote and sent out so many impassioned press stories, caught and shot so many disaffected officers, that the sixteen Soviet armies, feeling this demon of energy and will behind them, held their fronts against the Kolchaks and the Denikins and saved the Revolution. Take his exploit in defending Petrograd against the army of Yudenitch. A regimental commander had given his men the order to fall back and the troops were running away; but when they reached division headquarters, Trotsky took the situation in hand. He mounted the first horse he could find and, chasing one soldier after another with his orderly behind him waving a pistol and shouting, "Courage, boys, Comrade Trotsky is leading you!" compelled the whole regiment to turn back and recover the positions it had abandoned. The commander appeared at the most dangerous points and was wounded in both legs. Trotsky came back in a truck. He was accused by the papers of publicity-seeking, but the truth is that Trotsky's sensationalism is almost always redeemed from theatricality by the Idea which inspires and directs it. When Trotsky chases back the retreating regiment, it is the Idea standing its ground. And so even in Trotsky's political brawls with Stalin it is the Idea which, seasonably or unseasonably, is fighting to hold the helm. Take even the incident in the railroad station when Trotsky, at Stalin's orders, was being forcibly carried to the train by the agents of the G.P.U. He had obliged them to remove him forcibly so that it should not be possible to represent his departure as a voluntary act, and he made a point of shouting to the railroad workers in the station: "Comrades, see how they are carrying Comrade Trotsky away!"

One cannot imagine Lenin behaving like this, but then Lenin had already died, avoiding such a possibility. He had seen the dictatorship challenged by the rebellion of the Kronstadt sailors and the peasants, and had been obliged to announce the compromises of the New Economic Policy; and he had felt the political machine getting out of his hands. The time had come when the high imagination and morality which had led the Revolution had to give way to the practical political manipulation by which even revolutionary peoples at the present stage of human development lapse naturally into being guided. Krupskaya is reported to have said that, if Lenin had lived any longer, Stalin would have had him in jail. He had had a nervous collapse in 1903 as a result of the strain of the crucial London Congress at which he had forced the split between Mensheviks and Bolsheviks, and now he had a series of paralytic strokes. His abilities, will, personality had, as I have said, been completely identified with the cause of the Revolution. To be caught in a serious conflict of purpose arising in connection with that cause, to find himself unable to dominate it, to feel himself helpless in face of what seemed to him the degradation of the Revolution, perhaps its eventual failure—must have been like his own annihilation, could mean for him only death.

But Trotsky had always that inner mirror in which he saw himself; he was always to himself a figure, was well insulated against other people's opinions; he could not be torn by conflicting devel-

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opments, no amount of repudiation could break him (Lenin had died repudiating Stalin). Yet when he calls out to the railroad workers to see how they are carrying him away, he does not appear fatuous or absurd. If Lenin had identified himself with the cause of the Revolution, Trotsky had done the converse: identified the cause with himself. When the G.P.U. put him out, he believes it is the Revolution they are banishing; and the loss of dignity to the individual is saved by the dignity of the Idea. It is the Idea they are expelling.

EDMUND WILSON.

This is the first of two articles on Trotsky by Mr. Wilson. The second will appear in next week's issue.—THE EDITORS.

Forgive Us Our Debts

IT IS characteristic of our political ineptitude that we persist in treating the debts of the Allies as a problem of assets to be realized rather than of liabilities to be accepted. During the War it was treason to suggest that the debts of the Allies to the United States would never be paid. Immediately after its close, economists made this assertion, and though their prophecy was, for a time, balked of fulfilment by the extraordinary success of the bankers in selling European loans in the United States, it is now coming true. The inevitability of virtual cancellation, however, does not make this renunciation any more palatable to the American public. Even the argument of the experts that the continuation of international payments, were it possible, would inflict hardship on the United States, through the continued disruption of trade and the fall in value of foreign currencies, strikes for the most part on deaf ears.

Whatever advance in general prosperity might result from cancellation does not alter the fact that the loans made to the Allies by the United States government will be paid by citizens of the United States in the form of taxes. It is useless to cite the expansive utterances of Congressmen and Senators in the days of the War. In cold fact, as Mr. McAdoo remarks in his "Crowded Years," "if the American people had not been convinced of the good faith and honor of the borrowing governments, the United States would never have been able to sell its bonds to its own people for the purpose of making these foreign loans." To find itself at length the dupe among nations is peculiarly bitter to a people which has always acknowledged a talent for bargaining. It is sweeter to pass for a knave than a fool. Thus the problem of American statesmanship in relation to the debts of the Allies is to find some formula which will save the face of the United States, and permit this country to do with something of good grace what is for its own interest and what is in any case inevitable—pay up for the War.

Various efforts have been made to find such a formula. Mr. McAdoo suggests that Great Britain and France should, in lieu of payment, make over to us their West Indian possessions. That these would be of trifling value he concedes; but he urges that the cession would humor our imperialists and patriots interested in national defense, and thus sweeten the dose for those whose proud stomachs find it most difficult to digest. Mr. Hoover, in his acceptance speech, suggested "some tangible form of compensation, such as the expansion of the markets for American agriculture and labor"—in other words, the Allies should lower their tariff walls and buy more of our goods, while we should maintain our barriers and continue to refuse to buy in return. Mr. Roosevelt exposed the fallacy of this proposal. "Our policy," he stated, "declares for payment, but at the same time for lowered tariffs and resumption of trade which open the way to payment."

The only difficulty with this suggestion is that it is too late. If immediately after the War trade had been freed, the debts might have been paid in goods, but, as was pointed out at the time, Germany, by virtue of superior industrial equipment and organization, would have profited most by this freedom. It was partly against such a contingency that tariff walls were raised. Finally, Senator Borah, long a convinced opponent of cancellation, now entertains the idea that this course should be followed in return for the reduction of reparations, disarmament and other beneficial world policies. Mr. Hoover apparently took the same view in his conversations with M. Laval, as the result of which, by the Lausanne settlement, the German reparations were reduced to about $700,000,000, contingent on her ability to pay. The fact that the chief debtor nations made this settlement conditional on a similar readjustment of their debts to the United States, and their formation of a united front by gentlemen's agreement to pursue this end in concert, has cast a blight on Mr. Hoover's diplomacy and Mr. Borah's idealism. Nevertheless, it remains true that if any formula can be found to persuade a reluctant people that they should forgive their debtors as they hope to be forgiven their debts, it will be along the line timidly suggested by the Republican spokesmen.

It has been violently asserted, by every American in authority, that no connection exists, or can possibly exist, between the debts of the Allies and

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the reparations agreements of Germany. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Stimson proclaim it. Mr. Roosevelt makes it one of the fundamental principles underlying the entire question. If, on the contrary, it can be shown that there was from the beginning this connection so solemnly denied, it would appear that there is a logical basis for the solution of the debt problem proposed or hinted at by Messrs. Borah and Hoover, and that the renunciation of reparations by the Allies should lead to the cancellation of their obligations to the United States.

It will be remembered that the War was ended by the surrender of Germany on the basis of a pre-Armistice agreement between that country and the United States, whereby it was provided that peace should be made in accordance with President Wilson's Fourteen Points and the later official utterances in which he elucidated them. Among these was one which definitely provided that there should be no punitive damages. Mr. Lansing explicitly confirmed this in October, 1918, when he declared that the terms offered called for "the making good of all losses inflicted directly and lawlessly upon civilians, but no other." In the conferences at Paris, Mr. Smuts evolved the farfetched notion that "what was, or is, spent on a citizen before he became a soldier, or after he ceased to be a soldier, or at any time on his family, represents compensation for damages to civilians and must be made good by the German government under any fair interpretation of the above reservation." In spite of the eloquent and cogent arguments of Mr. John Foster Dulles in favor of the limitation of reparations to what he pointed out was obviously understood by Germany and by the Allies at the time of the pre-Armistice agreement, the victorious nations repudiated their promise, and with the enthusiastic approval of the President of the United States, through whom the promise was made, saddled upon Germany the enormous and undefined burden of the reparations. While it is true that the United States did not participate in the reparations benefits, it remains none the less true that in consenting to their imposition by the Allies, it was guilty of a gross breach of faith and is responsible for a financial blunder for which it must pay an assessment similar to the liability levied on the stockholders of a defaulting bank.

President Wilson was always extremely anxious to counteract the suspicion that he had given the Allies any intimation that their indebtedness to the United States would be canceled. It is true that he explicitly refused to entertain Mr. Lloyd George's suggestion that debts and reparations should be placed in the same category. That they were discussed as part of the same problem, however, is admitted by Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, who puts the matter cautiously but clearly in "The Making of the Reparation and Economic Sections of the Treaty":

> It was intimated in one quarter that if insistence were made on fixing a definite amount [for reparations] before the Allies had a chance to present their claims and to study and know more fully the ability of Germany to pay—a sum which might prove later on to be less than Germany could pay—the Allies might be in a position where they could put forth the following claim:
>
> "If you ask us to lessen our claims upon Germany for indemnity, which she admits she owes, what will you do for the loan made to us for the prosecution of a war which was as much your war as our war, the amount of which clearly exceeds our ability to pay unless we are allowed to get the last possible dollar out of Germany?"

Thus the connection between debts and reparations, though officially repudiated, was apparently not excluded from the calculations of the treaty makers. A further responsibility on the part of the United States must be admitted. The final basis on which reparations were imposed was not the pre-Armistice agreement, but the clause introduced into the Treaty of Versailles which asserted Germany's sole guilt for the War. This dogma was evolved by a commission which included in its membership Secretary Lansing and Mr. James Brown Scott, secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. In reply to questions asked after his lecture on "The Trial of the Kaiser," which forms a chapter of the invaluable volume, "What Really Happened at Paris," Mr. Scott revealed the attitude of the American representatives by reading a resolution offered by Mr. Lansing, declaring that "the evidence of this moral crime [of Germany] against mankind is convincing and conclusive." Of course, no responsible historian today holds the dogma of Germany's sole war guilt.

That the representative of the United States originally took a leading part in affirming this stupid falsehood, one so utterly at variance with the spirit of the terms submitted to the world by Mr. Wilson in January, 1918, so subversive of future peace for the world, is a burden which falls heavily upon the American people, and which they should not repine at taking up.

Despite the strenuous denials of American political authorities, from Wilson to Hoover and Roosevelt, it is clear that reparations and inter-Allied debts are in the same category so far as the future well-being of the world is concerned. The recognition of the connection between them has been forced upon reluctant statesmen who continue to do lip service to the thesis of their separateness. That the connection existed from the beginning may be asserted on the grounds already pointed out. The representatives of the United States opened the way to the undefined burden of tribute laid on Germany by failing to maintain the terms explicitly stated in the pre-Armistice agreement. This tribute was discussed at Paris as the source from which the Allies expected to pay their

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obligations to this country. Finally, American assent to the dogma of Germany's sole guilt for the War transferred the whole matter of financial settlement to a realm of unreality and mysticism in which intelligence fails to operate. The War, as Mr. Hoover is fond of repeating, is the cause of the present sorry condition of the world. In the War, the United States paid cheerfully for the blunders of its commanders with the lives of its men. It will pay with its dollars for the blunders of its statesmen, if not cheerfully, at least, it may be hoped, with a stoical acceptance of its obligations to purchase one element of the peace which our representatives failed so signally to make at Paris.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Back to Barter

CONFRONTED by the economically absurd but none the less indubitable fact that our depression-ridden country, and in particular the West, swarms with consumers who cannot buy and producers who cannot sell, the jobless of four Rocky Mountain states are at present attempting to solve the problem of living by instituting a moneyless system of direct exchange. Coöperative groups, bound together by this common purpose, have sprung up during the past year in Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and Arizona. The immediate impetus behind the movement in these four states was not only the ravages the depression had made upon consumer buying power, but the virtual collapse of the four basic industries of this section. Mine owners, sheepmen, cattlemen and farmers, crushed under the weight of their surplus products, which they could not sell even at the cost of production, were constantly faced by the specter of bankruptcy. Meanwhile, thousands of jobless workers, of bankrupt professionals, of small business men and shopkeepers, in dire need of the goods which lay about them in such great abundance, stood idly by, incapable of purchasing the products of the farm, mine, smelter or ranch.

The first movement toward a solution of the problem came from a number of Salt Lake City business men. Led by Benjamin B. Stringham, a real-estate operator, they formed a group based on the idea of bringing about a direct exchange between the surplus labor of the jobless and the surplus produce of the farms. Their efforts were instantly crowned with success. Both the farmers and the unemployed, understanding that only by methods of barter and exchange could they circumvent the constant obstacle of a lack of cash, took up the idea enthusiastically. The idea first took form during the harvest season of 1931, when the farmers were in desperate need of hands to help them with their crops and, having no cash, leaped at the chance of being able to pay wages in the form of produce.

The group immediately established an exchange bureau in a small office, and as they had no money to advertise in the daily papers, they began personally to corral workers and farmers interested in the scheme. Having assembled a number of jobless men eager to exchange their labor for food, the group hired trucks and the workers were delivered to the farmers who had accepted a direct exchange for labor. The men worked all day in the fields and at nightfall were paid in potatoes, onions, carrots, parsnips, apples, peaches, butter, eggs or pork, according to their wants. The truck then came for them and their produce payments and returned them to their homes.

From this point the movement spread with surprising rapidity. In the city the idea was extended to include all the trades and professions. Barbers, painters, doctors, dentists, all of whom had been hit most severely by the depression, were organized through the group and placed in contact with the unemployed workers who wished to barter their labor for food. Workers who had labored on the farms exchanged their potatoes or their wheat for haircuts or even for dental services. A dry cleaner offered his service in exchange for parsnips, carrots, squash or for help in his shop. A carpenter-mechanic willing to offer his services was found and the exchange put him to work collecting and repairing toys, which were traded between families. Jobless painters, paper-hangers, carpenters, were sent to semi-bankrupt small business houses to do work in exchange for such practical articles as furniture, food or clothing.

By the middle of January, 1932, the exchange business had expanded to a point where it became necessary to incorporate the system and organize it into departments along modern lines. It was named the Natural Development Association. Growth, after the organization was incorporated, proceeded even more rapidly than before. Representatives of practically every kind of labor, trade and profession joined. Branches were established, first in Ogden, then in towns and cities in southern Idaho.

The rapid expansion and increasing volume of business which the association was handling made a new development necessary. In July, 1932, scrip was introduced as the medium of exchange among members of the organization. By adopting this method, the exchange of products for work was greatly simplified and much costly and intricate

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bookkeeping avoided. Scrip, it might be mentioned in passing, is not unknown to the West, and the leaders of the association doubtless based their idea on the system employed by the Mormon Church, which receives much of its tithing in produce and issues scrip good for any of the commodities handled by the tithing system. The Natural Development Association issued the scrip in the form of stamp books of various denominations, the scrip being good for anything the Association has for exchange.

Scrip of this or of a similar kind, the officials of the organization maintain, will constitute the natural medium of exchange of the future. It is not in any sense money, as we now understand the word under the capitalist system. The scrip of the N.D.A. is a non-transferrable medium of exchange representing to the holder the exact value of the produce or service which he has exchanged for it. It will buy back for an equal value any other produce or service the holder may desire. When the holder has spent the scrip, it is regarded as having performed its function and is destroyed. Hence it cannot be held or monopolized; it cannot be used to extract interest, or be cornered or manipulated, inflated or deflated. It is renewed after it has made one round trip from the organization to the holder and from the holder back to the organization.

In a recent report the Association lists sixteen major kinds of commodities for exchange, including food products offered by farmers, dairymen, sheepmen and cattlemen. The N.D.A. Health Department operates fifteen distinct services, from medical treatment to drug-store service. The report also lists one hundred and three lines of unskilled labor, services and trades. All these commodities, services and trades are represented in the organization. Scrip is good to purchase any of them, and its use has become so general that many theatres and stores will accept it in place of cash. Many small business firms outside the organization are glad to give their services or products for the scrip.

It is only fair, however, to point out that in making purchases the N.D.A. pays a premium of about 10 percent over and above the cash market price for goods. The organization also charges 10 percent to take care of the overhead expense, so that the scrip in actual market value is worth 20 percent less than actual cash. This, however, does not seem to affect the sharp demand for the scrip, as the scrip represents work and commodities for which there is at present no actual cash to pay.

At present the Association has thriving branches in Salt Lake City, Ogden, Brigham City, Logan, Lehi, American Fork, Price and Delta—all in Utah. In Idaho it has branches in Preston, Montpelier, Rexburg and Ridgedale. In Arizona it has just organized a branch in Phoenix. In Wyoming a similar organization has been established and now has several branches under the title of the Producers' and Laborers' Supply Company. It is said that it will soon join hands with the Utah organization. One of its most recent assets is a producing oil well.

In Salt Lake City alone, the organization early last October consisted of 5,000 members, including dependents. Its system of direct exchange is making life tolerable for at least 15,000 persons. At the present rate of growth, this number will be doubled by the time the severest winter weather sets in. That this movement will save thousands of jobless men and women from acute suffering or in some instances from absolute dependence on charity during the coming winter is a foregone conclusion.

The business of the N.D.A. is doubling month by month. From $36,000 in August, one month after the scrip was adopted, the business of the Salt Lake branch rose to an average of $2,500 a day in September, or approximately $75,000 for the month. From all indications there will be a similar increase in the months to come. Officials report that the business of the organization is showing a similar growth outside of Salt Lake City.

The organization at the present moment is busily engaged supplying a means for the average Utah farmer to obtain coal in exchange for produce. Its contact men have circulated through the agricultural districts and are offering the farmers coal for farm produce. The farmers are seizing the opportunity in such increasing numbers that abundant farm supplies are assured for the town unemployed this winter and an enormous expansion of the organization is in sight. An interesting phase of this development is that it has necessitated direct-exchange deals with coal companies and negotiations for the acquisition of one or two coal mines by the N.D.A.

Recently the Salt Lake City organization moved to larger headquarters. The first floor of their building hums with numerous activities, including a produce sales department which is said to be the most crowded business place in Salt Lake City. There is a barbershop where barbers shave you for scrip; a beauty parlor; a gift shop whose wares are largely handmade and bring the makers the only means of existence they could hope for under present conditions; a clothing department. The stock in this last department consists to a large extent of clothing made by the wives and daughters of jobless men. The women receive cloth and make the clothes and receive scrip for their work. There is also a furniture department, its goods supplied by merchants anxious to get the scrip. A furniture-repair department employs many men who would otherwise be jobless but who can live decently on the scrip they receive. One music firm in Salt Lake City recently sold the furniture department forty or fifty pianos and a thousand dollars' worth of radios for scrip.

The organization now buys sheep with scrip, shears them, butchers them, has the wool made into

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fabrics and clothes. It sends the pelts to its own tannery in Salt Lake City; turns the leather into shoes and sells the mutton to its members. Busted cattlemen, glad to get the N.D.A. scrip, have begun to sell beef cattle to the organization. There has been such a demand for meat that for a while it could supply it only two days out of each week. On "meat days" there were queues in front of the produce department the length of two city blocks.

On the second floor of the Salt Lake City headquarters are the chief offices of the various departments—Contact, Agriculture, Commerce, Transportation, Labor, Building, Education and several others, where the officials of the organization work. The whole building hums with activity. For the present there is virtually equal pay for officials, clerks and laborers—the wages running between $20 and $25 per week, mostly in scrip. Later, when the movement is stronger, the staff will expect more. An unmistakable atmosphere of hope, happiness and coöperation fills the building from basement to roof. This spirit is reflected with almost equal force by the members who throng the building to make purchases. One gets the feeling that these people are all inspired with pride of possession and a sense of creating a new order.

MURRAY E. KING.

Washington Notes

War Debt Advisers—Young and House—Cabinet Timber—Roosevelt's Progressivism—The Three Secretaries—Colonel Howe

ONE OF the interesting things about the exchanges between the President-elect and the President over the war-debt situation was the counsel sought by Mr. Roosevelt to determine his attitude. There is, of course, no interest whatever in Hoover's counselors, partly because it is perfectly well known that they are the Honorable Mr. Stimson and the Honorable Mr. Mills; partly because they are guided by Mr. Hoover, and partly because he will be an ex-President so soon that it is impossible to get excited about who his advisers are or what they think. As for Mr. Roosevelt, it is quite different. The personnel of his pre-administration advisers indicates whom he will rely on later.

So far as the war debts are concerned, I think it has been fairly well established that while the President-elect talked casually with quite a number of people on the subject, the four with whom he seriously consulted were Colonel House, Owen D. Young, Professor Moley and Bernard M. Baruch. It is not generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the man among these four who had most to do with Roosevelt's attitude was Colonel House, and the one who had least influence was Mr. Young. There is abundant evidence to support this statement. As to Colonel House, it is known that he was the first person called into consultation after Mr. Roosevelt received Hoover's invitation to call. Mr. Young, on the contrary, I am reliably informed, personally conferred with the Governor only once, and that was immediately after Hoover's first invitation. His advice was asked through Professor Moley. Moreover, I believe I am correct in stating that Mr. Young's advice was not taken and Colonel House's was.

Mr. Young believed in starting negotiations as quickly as possible, and in coöperating with Hoover. His advice did not prevail, a significant fact in the light of his future relationship to the President-elect. Few of Young's friends believe that he will be asked into the Roosevelt Cabinet either as Secretary of State or Secretary of the Treasury. Progressive allies of Mr. Roosevelt, both Democrat and Republican, are quite confident of this.

Those who have recently talked with him are greatly encouraged over the general approach Mr. Roosevelt is making toward the Cabinet problem. I have heard from excellent authority that Roosevelt is fully aware that soon or late his administration will have to fight Wall Street, and that he thinks it a good thing to have the fight early. Further, he has convinced his friends that he is determined not to have his Cabinet regarded as a Big Business group, which it undoubtedly would be if he filled the three important posts with men identified with Big Business.

If this correctly reflects his feeling, the conviction that Mr. Young will not be in the Cabinet seems well founded. Rumors that Adolph Miller of the Federal Reserve Board will be Secretary of the Treasury and Arthur McMullen of Nebraska Attorney General, are being circulated. Mr. Miller was a Wilson appointee, is a close personal friend of Roosevelt's and is entirely unidentified with Wall Street interests. Mr. McMullen would be acceptable to the progressive element, as would also Dr. Felix Frankfurter, whom some of the Roosevelt group consider a strong possibility.

It is believed that Mr. Roosevelt himself, wishing at the outset of his administration to prove that his progressivism was not merely a campaign appeal, but a genuine thing, will give his Cabinet an unmistakably progressive flavor. One argument is that if he succeeds in doing so, he can be at times as conservative as necessary. At any rate it is perfectly clear that the President-elect regards himself as a progressive and intends to have himself so regarded. He has kept his own counsel very well in the matter of his Cabinet selections and apparently is not committed to anyone in a way to embarrass him.

So far as his immediate and personal official family is concerned, there was little surprise at his selection of his three secretaries. He picked men who had worked close to him, not only in the campaign, but long before. Louis Howe—his confidential friend and secretary for twenty years—was, of course, an inevitable selection. The exact amount of Howe's influence with him is more or less of a mystery. The general belief is that it is hard to exaggerate it and that Mr. Howe will play an important part in the policies of the administration. He will, I learn, live in the White House, just as he has lived in the Roosevelt homes in New York and Hyde Park.

Between the two men there is a very strong bond and those who have been close to Roosevelt tell me that he will stand more in the way of plain language from Mr. Howe than from anyone else in the world. Further, it may be said, Mr. Howe is rather addicted to plain language. He

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has not a particularly pleasing personality and there are quite a number of the Roosevelt inner circle who do not like him at all. One or two of them, I am told, clashed with him during the campaign and one at least bitterly complained about Mr. Howe's manner to the Governor. The result of the complaint was exactly nothing. Governor Roosevelt laughed pleasantly and made some casual remark about "Louis's little ways."

Of Mr. Howe's usefulness to the Governor during the last two decades there is not the slightest question. Nor does there seem any reason to dispute either his knowledge of politics or skill at the game. Much credit has been given him for putting Governor Roosevelt where he is today and probably a large part of it is deserved. Of all those to whom he is indebted for his nomination, the Governor himself has singled out Mr. Howe and "Big Jim" Farley as the two to whom he owes most.

It may be noticed that I refer to Mr. Howe as Mister Howe and not Colonel Howe—as the press likes to call him. It seems to me that this Colonel business may be carried just a little too far. Colonel Howe, as I understand it, became a colonel by the courtesy of the Governor of Kentucky a few months ago. Another Governor promptly made a colonel out of Mr. Farley and still another has made a colonel out of Mr. McIntyre, who was Roosevelt's press agent in the campaign and is to be one of his White House secretaries. This leaves only the estimable Mr. Stephen Early, the remaining presidential Secretary, who is not a colonel. Inasmuch as Mr. Early was the only one of these Rooseveltian colonels who was really in the War, it seems a little tough on the genial Steve. Either he must be made a colonel or none of them will be so far as I am concerned. Is there no patriotic Democratic Governor who will now "come across" for Steve?

Washington. T. R. B.

Dames aux Camélias

EVERYONE who ever knew an actress of even moderate powers will know her theories on some role or other, how she would do it, and so on, sometimes reverting to forgotten ways, sometimes to a point unheard of hitherto and therefore to be sought. Everyone, also, who thinks about the stage at all and its present condition among us has noted the lack of revivals in our New York theatre, the lack of a tendency to enjoy drama as one does music for its restatement, its varied reading, and, especially, the lack of any chance to compare one actor's interpretation with another's in the same role. The conditions that underlie this fact are not our concern at the moment. The subject is our recent good fortune in having, however briefly, two actresses playing a famous role at the same time on two New York stages. Such an event illuminates many aspects of the theatre, the ancient, living body of the theatre, compared to which every stage happening, however bright in its epoch, is a mere flash in the pan.

To return to the actor's conceptions, we must say that all interpretations of a role are interesting, all the way to a Liberian Hamlet or the version of it that some reciting poet in an Arabian marketplace might give, watching, as he reads, those dark eyes whose recognitions of what is fatal or beautiful or true he knows how to summon and excite. There are roles of the great first rank, which in their universality and luster permit of numberless conceptions from the actors creating them. There are roles also in plays that are of minor value while the role itself walks forth, steps, as it were, outside the frame once given it by its dramatist and his day. There are cosmic possibilities in the character, though the play is pinched within the limitations of its own decade. Marguerite Gautier is one of these roles. Whatever we may think of the play itself, the concoction of its themes is, for the western theatre at least, unerringly foreseen. There is feminine beauty, the world, money, sin, love, sacrifice, ironic misunderstanding, reconciliation and death: what more can you ask? Within the dramatic life web of these themes comes the heroine, enticing many an actress to essay her, persuading many a woman to identify this lovely, fatal figure, infinitely variable in one's conception, with herself. There are as many Camilles, therefore, as there are women almost. In the many paths Dumas beckons: a blazing world of jewels and lovers, flowers, triumphs and *volupté,* swept upward in romantic love, as voluptuous, young or visionary as one sees it, topped off with a house in the country, a cruel intrusion of the family and conventional living, concealed sacrifice and destruction, a deathbed to which the hopeless young man returns, and all wiped out by the dark grave, all but the passionate memory, the understanding—beauty, in which all dream; intuition, in which all believe except those to whom it is denied; romance, for which all sigh except those who have it! Shall Marguerite Gautier be thus or thus, shall we feel for her in this region or that of our bodies and souls? And so we have Bernhardt, Duse and numberless others in the part, some of them buried in stock companies far away, some, also, among the audiences, and come at last to that white Camille of Miss Lillian Gish, leading nowhere, and that Camille of Miss Eva Le Gallienne's, so bafflingly centered in sincerity, but two-thirds off.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that no matter how interesting, how luminous or magnificent or penetrating and actual one's Gautier may be, she belongs in a play. The play, belonging as it does to Dumas' own last quarter of the nineteenth century, and tied into it with considerable tightness, has its own qualities and claims. The dramatist, not, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, but a mere man, could not make his play so various and interstellar as the countless ladies may be able to make the heroine's role. Now and again in the theatre an actor's art, at least in some single role, is such that we forget to care what the play was that he raided with his individual method and light, sometimes greater than the play itself. It was often like that in Duse's case. At one time she could crown a dramatist's work with the radiance or import that he divined but could never quite capture. At another time she could show up the play's folly by the poetry, mind and poignancy with which she left it behind her. This revelation and extension of meaning she achieved through the role whose rags she had picked up at the beginning of her study, before she had breathed life into its dust. In a sense a drama is blessed when it is performed adequately only by some actor

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into whose head it came as a part of the day's work; she at any rate leaves the play what it is, or isn't. In a sense, again, a great actor blesses the dramatist by carrying his play beyond itself; adventure for both player and dramatist, for the sharpest theatre-goer cannot be sure where the play leaves off and the acting begins and vice versa.

Mr. Robert Edmond Jones designed and directed his "Camille" for a much smaller theatre than on Broadway, a historic Colorado playhouse it was, this past summer; and in that atmosphere it may very well have been charming. Here in New York it amounted to a bad version of the play, plus very handsome costumes, plus Miss Lillian Gish. That was about all. The same problem appeared, naturally, that presents itself in every revival of a play out of another period: how to get the whole of it restated in terms that make it ours. The version of Dumas' play was bad because it never faced the music of the original, which is an elaborated artifice based on declamatory sentiment and Parisian motifs, its drama derived from a struggle between individual passion and social convention. One single spot will serve as an illustration of the point. When Mr. Moffat Johnston as Armand's father came to ask Camille to give up his son in order to avert the family disgrace, et cetera, the scene had lasted but a mere second before the virtues of his son's mistress broke the father down. This is not French, and it makes no sense with the play, for the family code is inexorable. It substitutes melting and sentiment for tragic logic; and by mushing up the edges and shortening the duration it loses the great theatric values in the scene. The whole occasion, in fact, merely lost its way mooning toward something that could never make sense with the play in hand. "La Dame aux Camélias" is very Parisian, very much dated, very theatric in its bold blending, all of which is not necessarily anything against it.

Miss Gish, looking very beautiful in her white and delicate garments, started off something in the first act that had really a kind of truth. Taking the whole matter as some super-decadence and facing it squarely for that, a degree of unity and soul might possibly have been brought off. Just such a pale blossom as this might be the most delicious of the flowers of sin, in that traditional wickedness of Paris rakes, bouquet-senders and protectors. As things went, however, we found for the last scene only a dying child, to whom people came for money or sent bracelets, in a vacantish room with neither on one hand any of a certain exotic austerity that would have been dramatic, nor on the other hand, the *cocotterie*, that lavish tawdry splendor, in which the Bernhardt Camille died, and with which the presence of death that she created there made such a contrast. This innocent last act, tiresome in itself and left unscored in its motivations and muted in its eloquence, made the rest of the play silly and false. The worst thing you can do to a play is to take its own truth out of it. If Miss Gish has to say speeches as where Camille conjures Armand "by the love we have had together, by all that I shall suffer," or whatever the exact words may be, she must go either one way or the other: either accept it for the balanced artifice and passionate recitation that Dumas intended in the French, or else give it the tremor and intensity of imaginative feeling. You cannot slip by it and on to the next more easily natural moment. As a matter of fact, Miss Gish's performance, lovely in a sort of private essence, had not the necessary technical skill behind it to give it the variation and shading needed, whatever the conception of the role may be. As an actress she is, so far, better suited to a role that will be seen but briefly on the stage. Seen thus, the impression is one of extraordinary enchantment; if you are unpractised in the theatre you might even think, for a moment, that you are about to see one of the greatest actresses in the world.

The simplest answer to the problem, both for Mr. Jones and Miss Gish, is that, if they feel obliged to create something of this general nature and yet are unwilling to take Dumas as they find him, they either must recast Dumas entirely, changing the names, places and all, or else take some other vehicle. The sources of such a French work as this go back to the classic: for example, Lais and the princes and lords from all the lands and islands, bringing gifts; the code of father, son, blood; the tragic crux of two goods set to grapple one against the other, for—by the play's standard, the French—Armand's father was right both ways, in his unyielding family code and in his sympathy for Camille.

Miss Le Gallienne's "Camille" was a simpler affair. It did not so much appear to violate Dumas' play by intention and a kind of perverse mysticalization and evasion, or whatever it was. What seemed to be evident was a combination of, first, not attempting too much that was above one and, second, not knowing what one had got into. Which is to say that what I saw seemed at one moment to be a sincere trying to do what you could do and leaving out the rest, and the next moment purely a rushing in where angels might well have feared to tread.

Mere details like licking an envelope, sitting down or getting up, and the manners of the drawing-room in Camille's day, were no problems at all. In no detail that I recall was the performance of the play interesting in the sense of style or of arousing the desire to see it again. Mr. Joseph Schildkraut offered his love, listed his wrongs, pressed and accused, with something more Oriental than Gallic, I am afraid—Armand is built on lyric eloquence, eloquent pain, chic and sentimental passion. Miss Beatrice Terry, as the nurse, did a good piece of genre. Many others in the company merely wrote the play over; you looked first in the program for the actor's name and then at the character represented. Miss Le Gallienne, with an implacable make-up and the most casual assortment of technical details in her playing, nevertheless did discover a certain genuine center for the character. Her scene with Armand's father, who was remarkably well played by Mr. Walter Beck, in his bearing, his voice and his timing, achieved the drama involved; the depths of this passage in the play, drawn out as Dumas would want it to be, were really convincing. We have here a proof of what can be done for a scene by a search into its content and by acting; for this scene between Camille and the elder Duval has just as much artifice, claptrap or what you will as any of the other main scenes in the play.

It is interesting to note that both these Camilles died, as it were, in action, either sitting on the sofa in the lover's arms or sinking down at his feet. Many another actress has done

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likewise, doubtless. But no such business is needed, provided anything has been established. It would be better if there were nothing sudden, nothing active, no moving about among the others there; for if it is thus, the accent will fall on Camille. On the contrary, if she lies on her bed, she is alone from them all and death stands in the room. He is expected and has been there for some time, created by the actress's intensity and magnetism. Every detail and the whole progression of this scene has been put there solely toward building up this entrance of death, in whose presence Marguerite Gautier is best understood and most beautiful, and the whole play with its well defined motifs and marked outlines is more intact and understood.

STARK YOUNG.

Not on the Ticker Tape

The Left Wing in Wall Street—The Latest Fad —Damning the Public—Urban Real Estate—Water Still is Cheap

AT THE turn of the year what seems to characterize the mental attitude of our so-called financial leaders is a state of rather marked confusion. Most of the active financiers have been so preoccupied with their own immediate troubles that they have had little time to consider the larger aspects of the economic problem. A few exceptional persons in high places, however, are thinking in heterodox terms. This left wing in Wall Street thinks that, for the period of economic recuperation at least, America is going isolationist. They point out that the cessation of foreign lending is a *fait accompli,* and is unlikely to be resumed in the near future, especially after the December 15 defaults on war debts. The more canny of this group have written off in their minds many of their own foreign private investments, whose interest payments they think will be defaulted.

It would not be accurate to report this small bloc as entirely pessimistic. If laissez-faire continues, they expect widespread repudiation of fixed-debt obligations at home as well as abroad. But they are inclined to believe that a temporary closed economic system at home will afford an opportunity for a vast experiment in regenerating domestic purchasing power. They contemplate bringing the 8,500,000 farm workers back into the market for merchandise and implements by means of a political regulatory scheme of price fixing, a scheme which will make the proposed voluntary domestic-allotment plan seem like a pale substitute. They also favor schemes for made work, both governmental and semi-public.

Incidentally, it is understood that President-elect Roosevelt differs radically with President Hoover's opposition to the further use of the instrument of public works as an agency for farm relief. He is considering various means of extending the program, and is thinking up plans which will be self-liquidating and easy to finance with bond issues. This left-wing group in Wall Street believes that, if the great social groups are brought into position to resume bartering the products of their labor, there can be a considerable measure of economic recovery.

At present, relief from fixed debt through receivership and through voluntary adjustments is favored as a technique for bringing capitalization into balance with the current low gross volume of business and the prevailing price level. But this is a slow and painful method, and it is difficult to distribute equitably the incidence of the burden of readjustment. Accordingly, I find that in extremely influential quarters they are still considering in a somewhat detached philosophic mood various forms of inflation to reduce the real burden of debt. There is a tendency to lose confidence in respectable reflation through the Federal Reserve System, and to recognize that, if inflation is the goal, the choice lies between the printing press and reducing the gold content in the dollar. The latter method is most fashionable at the moment. It would be surprising to the man on the street to learn with how much attention this technique is being considered in influential quarters.

The successor to Mah Jong, Cross Word Puzzles and Tom Thumb golf courses is Technocracy. No self-respecting faddist can travel through the country without being prepared to comment on the claims and forecasts of the engineers who have banded themselves together in this little group. Technocracy has become front-page news in the tabloids in Los Angeles, Chicago and elsewhere. Even in the large-circulation, standard-size dailies, Technocracy competes with divorce, rape, murder and politics for news attention.

Technocracy has its wide appeal, I think, because it offers definite answers to the puzzling questions in the average man's mind concerning the paradox of malnutrition amidst plenty. Where scientific economists qualify their statements, the Technocrats, pursuing the methods of crystal gazers, tell precisely how and when the economic readjustment will be made. I am more interested in the social phenomena associated with the mob interest in Technocracy than with the scientific phases of the cult itself. I think the public enthusiasm for the creed is analogous to the bull-market belief that we were in a "new era" and that the old laws of economics and the business cycle had been adjourned. The interest in Technocracy may be a psychological signal that the bottom is near at hand.

Roosevelt's supporters give the Governor credit for getting the hitherto non-coöperative farm agencies to agree on a formula for farm relief—namely, the so-called voluntary domestic-allotment plan. The advocates are chiefly puzzled as to what to do with the crop which is already in the ground. From a market standpoint, interest in the prospect of getting the bill through the lame-duck session has been dampened by the expectation that President Hoover will stop it with a veto. In that event, Roosevelt will almost surely call a special session shortly after his inauguration.

With all debtors burdened by the pressure of interest rates, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has set for the next administration an example in reducing interest rates.

During the depression, several chief names of finance have gone into retirement. Three years ago, Albert H. Wiggin,

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who is to leave the Chase National Bank, was unquestionably the most influential commercial banker in the United States. Chicago's most outstanding banker was Arthur Reynolds, chairman of the Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Company, who has also retired.

On the other hand, during the October-November 1929 panic, Charles E. Mitchell, of the National City Bank, was recognized as the popular goat. The situation became so alarming that the largest stockholder felt impelled to issue a public statement indicating confidence in the chairman. Mr. Mitchell has staged a remarkable personal comeback. He was quick to learn the lessons of the period, and early recognized the importance of keeping his institution liquid during a downward swing of the cycle. At present, Mr. Mitchell's prestige is perhaps at the highest level in three years.

As ownership in the shares of corporations becomes more widely diffused—and the number of stockholders of great corporations has persistently increased during the depression—the stock market tends to become a place where outsiders applaud or reprimand insiders for their conduct of company affairs. Charles F. Kettering expressed this point of view in somewhat different terms recently when he said: "Black ink is public applause; red ink is public hissing." In the purchase of commodities and services, as well as in the purchasing of securities, the public, by withholding buying power, can effectively express disapproval. The public, as Alexander Woollcott once observed, can punish a theatrical producer by staying away in droves.

Apparently William H. Vanderbilt, in making his famous "the public be damned" statement, which has been widely misunderstood, had this thought in mind. According to the version of the late Henry Clews, Mr. Vanderbilt was being interviewed by a reporter for a Chicago newspaper on the subject of a fast mail train to the Windy City which Mr. Vanderbilt was thinking of discontinuing because it did not pay.

"Why are you going to stop this fast mail train?" the reporter asked.

"Because it doesn't pay," replied Mr. Vanderbilt. "I can't run a train so far as this permanently at a loss."

"But the public find it very convenient and useful; you ought to accommodate them," rejoined the reporter.

"The public," said Mr. Vanderbilt. "How do you know or how can I know what they want? If they want it, why don't they patronize it and make it pay? That's the only test I have as to whether a thing is wanted or not. Does it pay? If it doesn't pay, I suppose it isn't wanted."

"Are you working," persisted the reporter, "for the public or for your stockholders?"

"The public be damned," exclaimed Mr. Vanderbilt. "I am working for my stockholders. If the public want the train, why don't they support it?"

A major sore spot in the whole American economic situation consists of the status of urban real estate, especially in the larger cities. The situation was greatly aggravated by financial malpractices. The important fact is that lenders on inflated and ill conceived projects were equally culpable with borrowers and should take part of the licking. It would be suicidal for lending institutions to foreclose to the bitter end and thus convert their assets from mortgages to equities in unmarketable real estate. Apparently some voluntary adjustment must be made. I have already heard of instances where New York savings banks have recognized realities to the extent of making voluntary reductions in their interest rates on real-estate mortgages. Such moves in the last analysis tend to heighten the real value of such assets. In another instance, a trust company made a contingent cut in the interest rate to 2 percent with the proviso that, if more is earned, the debtor should pay up to the contract figure.

One of the barriers to widespread voluntary adjustments is the guarantee as to principal and interest which the various title companies placed on offerings which they sold to investors. So far there has been much marking time and hoping for a speedy change in conditions. In spite of the known conditions in the real-estate-mortgage field, these title companies nevertheless continue to advertise the sale of guaranteed first mortgages as though nothing had occurred.

In spite of all the current talk about beer, apparently legitimate, legal thirst endures undisturbed through all phases of the business cycle. Accordingly, the water-works industry has proved to be the most depression proof. There has apparently been no default of either principal or interest on the underlying mortgage bonds of any major operating water company in the last twenty years. According to a chart prepared by the General Electric Company, only two mills per dollar of the family budget is spent for water. Therefore the average family does not economize on water in hard times. L. M. N.

No Chabrier

GEORGE GERSHWIN has been dubbed "the American Chabrier" by those who see in him a composer of the type illustrated by the exuberant Frenchman. It is the type of the composer of "vulgar" symphonic music: so qualified for the reason that it is based upon popular motives, and preserves their light, easy spirits and graces amid all the rigors of symphonic form. Nevertheless, the author of "The Rhapsody in Blue" is not seriously to be classed with the author of "España," and the "Suite Villageois" and the "Bourrée Fantastique." This dread conclusion is the inevitable consequence of the opportunities for reacquaintance with Gershwin's ambitious music recently granted us; and the fall has been especially generous of them. The November first concert of the Musician's Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House constituted for all practical purposes a Gershwin evening. The program included the F-major piano concerto, "An American in Paris," the "Cuban Overture" (formerly styled the "Rumba") and an orchestral medley of four of Gershwin's most delightful tunes. And on the fourth of the month, Paul Whiteman's orchestra repeated "An American in Paris" in Carnegie Hall, and added the "Second Rhapsody" to the list of revivals.

The plain truth is that Gershwin's symphonic music lacks vision, and nothing which lacks vision may logically

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be called music, even vulgar music. All music has it. Whether vulgar or elevated, it presents a picture of reality, a feeling of things as a whole, through the medium of tone. This idea or picture of things need not necessarily be exalted, or serious, or tragic. It can be humorous, ironical, playful; and the lighter visions are by no means invariably married to the poorer expressions, and the graver to the weightier ones. But some view of the whole of life must dominate: it is such a vision's domination of the craftsman that makes him the artist. Certainly, Chabrier's popular music, like the compositions of such fellow "vulgarians" as Bizet or Albeniz, shows forth an inner vision no less valid than that of the classic musicians. In Chabrier, for example, one finds an extraordinarily vivacious and witty expression of the perennially Gallic vision of the grand universal clownery, shared by him alike with the typically salty French "homme du peuple" and the great Rabelais himself.

Gershwin, for all his indubitable rhythmic talent, his brightness and his ability to write luscious melodies, on the contrary appears totally devoid of the capacity to see into things. It is impossible to listen to his strings of sweet and ritzy melodies and piquant rhythms and orchestral effects without being impressed with the extraordinary simplicity of their composer's mind. No evidence of a feeling of life or experience of the ghastly and wonderful nature of man's adventure reaches us from out them, not even archly or lightly; and only manifold signs of a queer, vaguely inferior interest in the immediate sensual pleasurability of the musical medium and its capacity for flattering and whipping the nerves and bathing them in slow luscious richness. True, in "An American in Paris," Gershwin actually attempted to express an idea and approach a reality through tone. But the attempt is successful from no angle of view; for with the second section the plane of the significant and the representative is abandoned for that of conventional and brutal music-making of the popular sort; and with the exception of the imitative motor-horn passage in the first part, the themes themselves are not so attractive as those of Gershwin at his best, say in the F-major piano concerto. And the conclusion that the composer has no experience to communicate or, at the utmost, one too trifling to bear amplification, is unavoidable.

Besides, the amorphousness of his music forces us to realize his want of vision. For vision is the chief agent of esthetic form. It is ultimately in accordance with some principle known to feeling that the artist is able to combine and unify his material. And where we find mere arbitrary juxtaposition of themes and rhythms and figurations in heterogeneous styles, impressionistic, jazzy, Lisztian and Chopinesque, as in practically all of Gershwin's ambitious pieces, and arbitrary juxtapositions made not in accordance with some superior intention but out of helplessness—there, we are forced to realize the absence of the "inner view." Take, for example, the F-major piano concerto. The various subjects do not lead into each other, and remain merely successive. The initial movement creates no suspense, comes to a dead rest, and might figure as the last movement of the work as effectively as the first. The second section begins promisingly, with its sumptuous, muted and atmospheric "blues." Here, if anywhere, Gershwin starts saying something moving and new. But the section fails of a conclusion. And all that the composer can do is to recapitulate and intensify some of his themes with all the rhetorical emphasis proper to the "grand finale."

It is actually among the musicians who regard the purveyance of immediate sensuous gratification as the whole end of their art that Gershwin belongs. It is with them he demands comparison, and musical criticism could profitably concern itself with his achievements in musical comedy. He is a rhythmic creator in that field, and his work there, despite its chocolatiness, possesses a deal of refinement and quality. The historian of our society might also find him significant as the typical tune-maker of the jazz age, the F. Scott Fitzgerald, perhaps, of lighter music. For from a certain angle Gershwin too would appear to be the bedazzled subject of all kinds of superficial glamors, glitters, sophistications, feeding his world with the gaudy illusions and plutocratic fantasies which it itself helps create in his naïve spirit. It is impossible to hear his music without being moved to conceive towers of fine gold gleaming amid Florida palms; splendiferous hotel foyers crowded with important people and gorgeous women décolleté *jusqu'au là,* and immediately contingent upon paradise; and rosy banks of nymphs amorously swooning amid bells of stiff pink tulle. The earnest Marxian critic, always on the hunt for capitalistic victims, might find in these puerile fantasies an argument for immediate social revolution. But all these considerations are beyond the scope of the present dissertation, intended only as a statement of the reason for the rather widespread feeling that, entertaining as some of them are all of the time, and all of them some of the time, Gershwin's ambitious compositions are on the whole good circus music. And let it be said that among the persons who share this sentiment, there are many who are grateful to the composer of "Funny Face" and all the rest of the diverting musical shows for innumerable moments of delight.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

For Bond Money

SIR: I have lately noted, on the financial pages of our daily papers, an increasing number of references to the fact that Wall Street expects inflationary legislation at this session of Congress or next, and that it has finally become willing to see such measures tried. Could I review briefly some of the points in favor of "bond money," or negotiable, non-interest-bearing bonds issued by the government as legal tender in payment for public construction work?

The plan, in its simplicity, would not be a bare watering of the currency by the printing of more paper dollars without "backing." Instead, it would be a proposal for defining construction work as a backing for currency. For instance, suppose that a state wished to build a toll bridge costing ten million dollars. It would borrow, from the federal governemnt, at no interest, ten million dollars in the new "bond money." It would pay for materials and construction by this "bond money," which would be legal tender. In return, it would pledge the tolls from the bridge to the federal government until the entire equivalent of the ten million had been received into the Treasury. The federal government could also, if it desired, receive the tolls for a few more years as a "service" charge for the loan of the bond money. Thereupon the deal would be closed, the bridge would have been paid for, the toll charge could be removed, and the government

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would have retired an amount of paper equivalent to that originally put into circulation for the construction of the bridge.

Such a plan would have several features to recommend it:

1. It would avoid the present enormous costs of bond flotation, which usually mean that ten or fifteen dollars out of every hundred have trickled away to underwriters of the bond issue before construction work begins at all. This would be a "self-floating" bond issue.

2. It would "tap new investment levels," as the new "baby bond" would be a dollar bill, quite simply, and any workman who took one in exchange for his services would automatically become an "investor."

3. It would avoid the mathematical absurdities of interest charges. (And why should a state pay interest like a private entrepreneur anyhow, when all the collective private wealth is behind its credit?)

4. In contrast with pure fiat-money schemes, it would provide a very real backing for every dollar of new currency issued. To the present kinds of backing (gold, government bonds, commercial paper) it would add the "realest" of all, tangible property.

5. As for earnings: with the elimination of interest charges, many a toll proposition that would, under the present system of bond flotation, be an impossibility, would become profitable. Every dollar in revenue above the operating costs could go to the federal Treasury to amortize the debt. Under the present system of interest charges, on the contrary, a bridge that was receiving in tolls a great deal more per year than its operating costs might still be going further into debt.

6. Also, while serving to finance pivotal construction work from which other activities might "radiate," it would avoid draining private investment capital into government projects. This private capital should be available for investment in any of the activities "radiating" from this "pivotal" construction work.

7. And as for those who object to such backing for money, how can they discredit property as backing without discrediting the entire myth of our bond structure? And again, if it did drop below par with relation to other money, it would in this respect be no different from the present government bonds which are accepted as backing for the issuance of money.

New York City. ETHEL HOWARDELL.

The Stage Society

SIR: In reply to an inquiry from your dramatic critic, Mr. Stark Young, I am writing to say that The Stage Society hopes to serve much as have the London Arts Theatre and the London Stage Society, which were the first to produce the plays of Shaw, Ibsen, Strindberg and Chekhov in England, as well as "Journey's End," "Berkeley Square" and "Young Woodley."

Knowing that fine plays are frequently never done because of the exorbitant costs of production or the producers' fear of new ideas, The Stage Society plans to present five plays a season to a closed and limited subscription audience, and to act, incidentally, as a shopping window for the producer. The only restriction on its plays is that they shall have quality—interesting as plays—not as box-office material alone. John Erskine, Carl Van Doren, Christopher Morley and Cleon Throckmorton act as a final committee to guarantee this "quality" to members.

The plays will be presented without the authors' names, so that the individual's opinion will really be challenged. In this way the subscribers will be able to make a definite contribution to the stage, especially since it is on their reactions as an intelligent cross-section that the commercial producers will judge the value of the plays for presentation to a more general public.

The productions will be thoroughly professional, and many well known actors, playwrights and designers are members and have volunteered their services. The memberships, at five dollars each, will cover the production costs and will entitle each subscriber to a seat to five plays. The first production will take place on January 2 and 3 in a Broadway theatre.

The Stage Society feels it can be a great instrument in helping the theatre get back on its feet. If even a small percentage of its plays are produced later commercially, it will have served a purpose, aside from an artistic one—by increasing employment in a field where little relief work has been done and where nothing at all has been done to encourage new work for its people.

New York City. PHILIP CARY JONES.

We Stand Corrected

SIR: In commenting on the "Terrible Trib's" attitude toward the unemployed in your editorial paragraph of November 23, you refered to Dean Swift's suggestion for Ireland to the effect that Jonathan had asked the poor to eat their babies. Not at all. The Dean knew his classes better than that. He recommended that the babies be sold to the rich that they might have the added delicacy, the poor to gain indirectly by the selling price and reduced responsibilities.

Detroit, Mich. ETHAN E. EDLOFF.

Professor Viner and War Debts

SIR: An editorial paragraph in your issue of November 23, 1932, suggests that in signing the Twentieth Century Fund report recommending reconsideration of the debts question by the United States I have abandoned an earlier position. . . . I have never on any previous occasion, either orally or in writing, expressed any opposition to as generous a scaling-down of our demands upon the Allies as the government and American public opinion could be persuaded to concede.

If I may turn to another questionable bit of reporting in the same issue, may I ask what Frederic Nelson means by the following passage: "And in three hundred years we may see university professors permitted to advance the less risky notions of Mr. Keynes without being beaten by the police." The only risks I have been conscious of or have seen my fellow economists undergo as a result of the advocacy of Keynesian notions have been the risks of being wrong and of not understanding Mr. Keynes. The police, as far as I have noticed, have not shown any greater concern about Mr. Keynes's notions than about the Einstein theory.

Chicago, Ill. JACOB VINER.

[Unless we are greatly mistaken, Professor Viner has in the past argued that Germany could pay reparations. The logical conclusion from his position was that the Allies could pay War debts. The same theories of international trade are involved in both cases. In addition, the ability of the Allies to pay, as long as they received reparations, was certainly greater than the ability of Germany to pay without any corresponding in-payments from abroad. If Professor Viner did not formerly believe that the Allies could pay in full we apologize to him for misrepresentation, though how he could reconcile that position with his former theory on reparations we do not understand.—Frederic Nelson's statement was of course merely a bit of rhetorical exaggeration to dramatize a certain lack of academic freedom.—THE EDITORS.]

The Hunger March on the Screen

SIR: The newsreels of the Hunger March shown in commercial theatres were so condensed, edited and interspersed with sneers that they gave no real picture of what went on in Washington. Fortunately, photographers of the Workers' Film and Foto League accompanied the March. Besides being the only uncensored record of the Hunger March, the three-reel film they have produced makes an effort to interpret and dramatize the conditions out of which the March arose.

It is hoped that this film can be shown in many cities. The first showing will be at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Twenty-eighth Street and Broadway, New York, on Monday, January 2, from 10 a. m. to 11:30 p. m. At this premiere of "Hunger," members of the Writers' Committee who covered the Hunger March for the League of Professional Groups will corroborate the film record by their personal reports as eye-witnesses. Among the speakers during the day, will be Malcolm Cowley, Michael Gold, Felix Morrow, Edward Dahlberg and Robert Cantwell.

JAMES RORTY, Secretary,
League of Professional Groups.

New York City.

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Days Beyond Recall

Farewell to Reform, Being a History of the Rise, Life and Decay of the Progressive Mind in America, by John Chamberlain. New York: Liveright, Inc. $3.

The Era of the Muckrakers, by C. C. Regier. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

THE HISTORY of our recent past is a very fresh discovery with us and still exciting; political philosophy, in any fundamental sense, is an art that we seldom practise. A combination of the two—a really serious attempt to evaluate the first in the considered terms of the second—is consequently bound to be arresting and suggestive. The Progressive era, from its rise in the frothing springs of Populism to its dissipation in the fires of the War, possesses not only the fascination of familiar memories but the most patent importance for us who are its heirs. Dr. Regier, for example, whose book is an account of one aspect of it, seems to think that we are trembling upon the verge of its revival. Mr. Chamberlain, with a broader sweep, bids it a final farewell. In doing so, however, he sets himself to find out what it was about, where it was really tending and what the experience of those years implies for the next reach in the broad channel of the future.

He calls his book a "history" of the progressive "mind"; but it is not really a history, even of the mind. It is an analysis and a critique, a study in American political philosophy. Mr. Chamberlain ranges over the whole intellectual sweep of the movement—its politicians and reformers, its economists, its novelists, the muckrakers in the magazines and the historians and philosophers in the universities. He traces the contributory streams of thought and economic interest which swelled the main current—going back to Edward Bellamy, William Graham Sumner, Henry Demarest Lloyd and Henry George, touching on Altgeld, the "reform mayors" such as "Golden Rule" Jones and Tom L. Johnson, and then swinging on to the major theme as La Follette is seen battling with the railroads in Wisconsin, "T. R." profiting by his extraordinary luck and his political adroitness, Steffens touring the cities for S. S. McClure, and a Tarkington, a Hamlin Garland or a Winston Churchill turning to the fictional fields where the heavy plowing was being done by Frank Norris, Dreiser and Upton Sinclair. And so the stream roars on, brimming with the later and more meretricious contributions, even as it was strengthened with the economic history of Charles A. Beard and the philosophical economics of the satiric Veblen, to reach the Periodical Publishers' Dinner in February, 1912, when La Follette sank exhausted in his chair and "the Progressive cause collapsed with that slow fall forward to the table in Philadelphia, 'the corrupt and contented.'" That was before the War; immediately after it, in January, 1919, Roosevelt died and "the 'moral' age in American politics died with him"—just as prohibition was taking effect!

In his own analysis of its complicated phenomena, Mr. Chamberlain applies a fairly rigid economic determinism. He reduces the state to a battleground of economic interest, government to a "fulcrum" around which the most powerful element turns the struggle to its own advantage. Throughout the Progressive era the struggle was at once intensified and confused by the disappearance of the frontier and the dimly understood impact of the new industrialism. "The Uplift" as a whole, Mr. Chamberlain argues, was never adequately to grasp these realities or to analyze the resultant situation. The systems of its earlier prophets and most of its later ones never achieved the dynamic concept of government; they solved every problem except the problem of what Mr. Chamberlain rather awkwardly calls "power politics"—in brief, the problem of getting up enough of the steam of human motivation to drive the projected machinery. And their economic theory was rarely deep and penetrating enough effectually to deal with the actual economic realities of the world around them.

The Progressive movement, as he says at one point, simply "called attention to the need for social justice, without quite knowing what could be done to handle a dynamic system that made for monopoly and attendant exploitation in spite of all the anti-trust laws in the world." In one way or another these two criticisms are reiterated again and again, from the verdict on Sumner—who sought to abolish privileged jobbery and restore competitive laissez-faire without seeing "that the inevitable result of competition was combination by means of jobbery"—down to the emphasis upon the futility of so many of the Progressives, who thought that "good government" was no more than an affair of getting "good men" to govern—a fallacy, incidentally, which still seems to flourish even after Lincoln Steffens' final exposure of it.

As for the men themselves, Roosevelt sinks in Mr. Chamberlain's estimate to the secondary and specious position of the careerist politician. Wilson is a shadowy, and to me unsatisfactory, figure; Mr. Chamberlain has, I think, greatly underrated his importance. Among the men of action, La Follette is his great protagonist, just as Dreiser, who showed a "will to get to the bottom of life in the stony wilderness of the economic man," takes the chief role among the men of letters. La Follette understood "power politics"; La Follette pushed his analysis of his times farther than the rest, even into the dense emotional fogs of the War; he had a great spirit and great sincerity, but in the end he, too, hoped only "to turn back the clock."

This leads Mr. Chamberlain to his final synthesis. In the United States reform has "always had a 'return' connotation" and return is impossible. Therefore, reform is dead and farewells are in order. The reformers attempted to correct the faults of a high-powered automobile on the assumption that it was a bicycle. We now see the futility of the attempt; we also see (or think we do) that as a result of it the machine is a good deal nearer collapse than it might otherwise have been. Remembering the general nobility of the reformers' impulse, we are left to choose between cynicism and thoroughgoing revolutionary change finding its "power" in "a 'demand' politics along socialist lines."

It is this conclusion which I find the least satisfying part of the book. The two broad criticisms of reform—that it failed to understand the governmental process on the one hand and the economic realities on the other—seem sound, even obvious, within the present limits of our afterknowledge. But is this all there is to it? No similar movement has ever, so far as I know, completely analyzed its own times or foreseen the future; all have worked by dim and flickering lights, but this has not meant that their influence was purely negative or that they can be rolled up and laid away in history by a mere logical demonstration of their inconsistencies. Mr. Chamberlain abolishes Stuart Chase in an interesting critique which sets him down as just another reformer whose "planned capitalism" again fails to meet the problems of "power politics." But I doubt that Mr. Chase and the others who are thinking with him will stay abolished on that account;

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perhaps Dr. Regier is correct, and reform is coming right back among us, using a new terminology but following much the same emotional patterns. Mr. Chamberlain's demonstration that the future belongs to revolution is a little too tight to be convincing; it puts too little stress on emotional factors. I cannot help feeling that if Mr. Chamberlain had devoted more thought to Wilsonism and the War his book would have been broader and more compelling. He gives the War but a few pages; yet it seems to me that it was supremely significant in the intellectual, political and economic complex which he is studying.

Dr. Regier's volume is not philosophy, but a more strictly historical review. It was, incidentally, one of the studies which Mr. Chamberlain made use of; in it will be found a more complete and detailed elaboration of one of the most interesting and important sides of the Progressive era.

WALTER MILLIS.

The Soviets' Fifteenth Year

Red Economics, by Walter Duranty, W. H. Chamberlin, H. R. Knickerbocker and others. Edited by Gerhard Dobbert. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 351 pages. $3.

THE WORLD economic crisis has stopped at the borders of the Soviet Union. This simple and formidable fact is attested by the ever mounting figures of industrial production and by the absence of mass unemployment. Nevertheless, the Russian people are now undergoing greater privation and hardship than at any other time since the beginning of the Five Year Plan. Three major causes have contributed to this situation. Low prices in world markets have forced the Soviet government to double its exports, in order to meet its commitments, thus depriving its own people of the necessities of life. The forced and hasty collectivization of agriculture, like all deep-going revolutions, has had profoundly disturbing effects and has resulted in a temporary shortage of food supplies. Lastly, the determination to complete the Five Year Plan in four years has brought upon the Russian people additional and quite unnecessary hardship; more than two years ago Trotsky warned the administration that an economic plan was not a sporting event in which it was aimed to establish a new record, but a working hypothesis, subject to modification with the progress of the work.

Among the secondary causes that have contributed to aggravate the situation may be mentioned the decay of the peasant home industries, the inadequate railroads and railroad equipment, poor organization of distribution and the necessity for maintaining a large army in eastern Siberia because of Japan's occupation of Manchuria.

"Red Economics" fully reflects the present situation of stress and strain in the Soviet Union. Most of the contributors to the book are Germans, newspaper correspondents or specialists, who are none too friendly to the Soviet idea. They contribute articles on economic organization, economic information and the press, the captains of industry and trade, industry, agriculture, state finance, money, credit and banking, communications, the home market and foreign technical assistance. Perhaps the best of these is the article on transport and communications, by H. Saller, director of German railways. Another excellent article is the one on housing problems by the Swiss architect Hans Schmidt. The Italian correspondent Pietro Sessa contributes an article on social conditions. All of these chapters, though for the most part highly critical, are informative. But I hope I am not misled by a bias in favor of American journalism when I say that the introduction by Walter Duranty, the articles on planned economy by William Henry Chamberlin, on foreign trade by H. R. Knickerbocker, and on the Soviet Union and the United States, again by Duranty, are perhaps the best in the book, and certainly the most readable.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

Wanted: Socialist Mayors

Socialist Planning and a Socialist Program: A Symposium, edited by Harry W. Laidler, with an Introduction by Norman Thomas. New York: Falcon Press. 268 pages. $2.

ANY HOPE for us must lie in the Socialist decision by workers with hand and brain that planning must be for their use, for the establishment, that is, of a federation of coöperative commonwealths, if it is to be worth while." So wrote Mr. Norman Thomas in his preëlection introduction to a symposium on "Socialist Planning and a Socialist Program." With 10,000,000 or more unemployed and in a period of unprecedented economic disorder, he polled less than a million votes—a smaller percentage of the total electorate than has been given to the Socialist candidate in much more prosperous election years. Mr. Thomas would probably agree that the realization of the "hope" has been somewhat deferred.

Of the million also a good many were not Socialists but only protesters. They were like the Irish peasant in André Maurois's story. The Liberal member of Parliament told the peasant that Ireland was soon to have home rule. "May the Lord have pity on us," was the reply. "Don't do that."

"But," said the member of Parliament, "you don't want home rule now?"

"Sir," replied the peasant, "I will tell you. You, Sir, are a good Christian, are you not? Like me you wish to go to heaven but we do not wish to go there this evening."

An inconsiderable percentage, then, of the American electorate looks toward an early Socialist heaven. The explanation of this is not to be found in the fact that this symposium presents only architect's sketches and no blueprints of the heaven. Thirty academic and non-academic students of economics have vaguely but rather suggestively surveyed the whole field. A good deal of hard thought is interpolated in their evangelism. The profit motive, unemployment, price control, public ownership, the special problem of certain industries like coal—these matters are intelligently dealt with. Education, art and service are preached about. But the fact is that the thousands of speeches and of campaign simplifications—the black and white proposals of action on the gray problems dealt with in this symposium—have made a negligible impression on the American mind. That is a distressing result of the election.

The point has already been made that in respect of its political strategy the Socialist party has refused to be more than futile; that an effective political force cannot be created simply by a quadrennial national appeal; that, as in European countries, a major party can be built only on the foundations of virile local parties; and that national success (this is not the same thing as victory) can be attained only by consolidating sectional successes. That point is valid both because of and despite the peculiarities of the American political system. Now, however, one wonders whether any appreciable percentage of the electorate can ever be educated by national appeals; whether, in other words, the

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work of education, as well as political strategy, will not be futile unless it is based upon local movements.

During the campaign every omen seemed to indicate a large Socialist vote. Ten or twelve millions of unemployed, starvation in the midst of plenty, a capitalist order which was disorderly, an economic system which clear-seeing conservatives had to admit seemed cock-eyed—the ground was well plowed for the seeds of Socialist doctrine. But apparently the seeds were not planted; they were only tossed on the ground and they have blown away. That remains a fact, even if one concludes that President Hoover's amazing performance during the last two weeks of the campaign prevented many—perhaps half a million voters—from supporting Mr. Thomas, because they considered that the chief interest of the country lay in a change of White House tenancy.

One can only guess as to why voters vote as they do or, to put it differently, as to why they do not vote otherwise. A lurking suspicion on the part of many that the cost of Socialist planning and control in terms of liberty would be a high cost; a widespread doubt that bureaucratic administration with admirable objectives is demonstrably superior to private administration with acquisitive objectives, and a feeling that in times of disorder strenuous measures may cause greater disorder—these guesses are no better than any other guesses. Papers by Dr. Burns and others show that the participants in the symposium realize the existence of these suspicions and know that they can be argued away effectively only by more detailed blueprints of what a Socialist administration would attempt. The figures of the vote polled suggest that there is no immediate demand for such plans. Apparently there will be ample time for their leisurely preparation.

This is not to suggest that because of hopelessness, want and hunger a large percentage of the American electorate may not suddenly go Red. The point is that on election day it refused to go purple. It insisted on remaining mauve. The future change of colors—barring some sudden, unpredictable shift of public opinion—may depend on Socialist strategy and the question is, to repeat, whether this should be local strategy.

LINDSAY ROGERS.

The Incredible Lady Caro

Lady Caroline Lamb, by Elizabeth Jenkins. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 280 pages. $2.75.

CAROLINE PONSONBY was the spoiled darling, and one of the last products, of Devonshire House, that ultimate stronghold of fashionable Whiggery; and was married, when she was in her teens, to William Lamb, the future Lord Melbourne, another spoiled darling, who was to carry the skeptical and charming spirit of the eighteenth century well on into the drab reign of Victoria. Nobody will ever know precisely what William Lamb, at once so garrulous and so sphinxlike, felt for his amazing wife, but there can be no doubt that Lady Caroline deeply loved her husband, "the best friend I shall ever have," etc. Yet, in a sense, nothing could have been more ill assorted than the strange pair. Two centuries, two eras, were dubiously united; William Lamb was the old regime in the full splendor of its sunset—and what was Lady Caroline but the Romantic Movement, incarnate in her small, boyish figure and unearthly face, the Romantic Movement in all its ambiguous beauty, its neurotic energy, its mania for self-torment?

Then came 1812, the year when "language can hardly exaggerate the folly that prevailed," a year when the appearance of "Childe Harold" overshadowed the American war and the retreat from Russia, the year of the Byron craze. The aging poet Rogers took care to lend Lady Caroline his copy of the new book; she read it, summoned the lender. "I must meet him—I am dying to see him." —"He has a club-foot and bites his nails," the old fop replied. Lady Caroline was undeterred. Soon afterwards she met the poet, looked on her fate for a moment, turned on her heel and walked away. She said to some confidant: "That beautiful pale face will be my doom."

A true child of the movement, she rushed upon her fate; it might be said that she wooed, she literally monopolized her doom. Her first letter to the poet (said to have been delivered by herself, dressed as a page, for she was fond of these ephebic disguises) contained at once the offer of herself and of her jewels in case he needed money. Lady Caroline would do anything for one she liked, but "it was hazardous to refuse the offer." And was it not hazardous to accept it? So Byron discovered, at all events. His own attitude toward women has been commonly misunderstood, and it is amusing to think that women have always done their worst by him, from Lady Caroline herself, from Mrs. Stowe, who blackened his character with the vicious pertinacity of a Beacon Hill spinster, down to Miss Mayne, who has written the best biography of Byron, and perhaps the most damaging. Only by an abuse of language can his usual attitude toward women be called love: he liked to look and conquer. On the whole, he lacked generosity; nor was Lady Caroline the one to stimulate that quality.

"She absolutely besieged him," says Rogers. William Lamb, from a mixture of indolence and pride, allowed his wife to dree her own weird. "Why can't you leave it alone?" one can hear him say with a shrug, as later he was to say of the Factory Children question. So the pursuit went from bad to worse till Lady Caroline opened and read the letter, later quoted in her novel, the letter which ends: "Correct your vanity—which is ridiculous; exert your absurd caprices on others; and leave me in peace.—Your obdt. servant, etc."

First she fainted and leeches had to be applied. Then came a month of recuperation in Scotland, followed by a reëncounter with Byron at Lady Heathcote's and an attempt at suicide. At least she cut her hand, there was blood on her dress, "and it was all in the papers, put not truly." In the meantime, Byron married another feminine disaster, Annabelle Milbanke, and Lady Caroline, who by this time seems to have become really demented, had the poet burned in effigy on the village green at Brockett. She was, in part, responsible for the ugly rumors of his alleged incest with his half-sister, Mrs. Leigh, the cause of his separation and exile from England. She published "Glenarvon," a fatuous exposure of her passion, written in the fatuous prose of the period, and greeted by the exile with the half-humorous, half-acid:

> I read Glenarvon too by Caro Lamb—
> God damn!

Lady Caroline's legend might make pleasanter reading had she died at about this point, when she wrote rather touchingly to Medwin: "I am like the wreck of a little boat . . . a little gay wherry which perhaps stranded itself at Vauxhall or London Bridge." This was better than stranding herself at Brockett in the company of alcohol, laudanum and that self-inflated caricature of Byron, Bulwer Lytton. On July 12, 1824, she was driving in an open carriage. William Lamb went before, and at the

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crossroads met a funeral procession. He was told that it was Lord Byron's. Four years later, she died at Melbourne House in her husband's arms.

Miss Jenkins, in this very commendable biography, has dealt kindly with Lady Caroline Lamb, as has Miss Mayne, whose forthcoming life of the lady has been announced. "A kinder or better heart," wrote her brother, "has never ceased to beat." Members of the male sex in general, admirers of Byron in particular, will be inclined to put this down to fraternal partiality. Doubtless the truest analysis of her character, and of the affair with Byron, may be found in Miss Jenkins' book. In meeting Lady Caroline, the poet saw a caricature of his own poetry (at least its shoddier part) and of the shoddier emotions which produced it, together with the whole Byronic movement. In short he looked, and after he conquered, he loathed. The image was lovely, infantile, enticing, but like youth and love themselves, it was more than a little ridiculous and, in the long run, pretty much of a bore.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

A Tale of Mean Streets

From Flushing to Calvary, by Edward Dahlberg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

ON THE very edge of New York it is hardly any more the city except in mind. The streets have, enthusiastically, been laid in even, grass-grown lines, but not everywhere are sewers, power connections; the ground is often mud; or where the streets are covered, they cheaply snap between the sun and frost. It is not overpeopled, still the city's poverty fouls the air. The streets are always dirty; the houses, like monstrous children, almost before they have even been built, have a gray, worn, lived-in, used-up look. Crowded; beds never made, nor are they aired; there is a smell. In the early morning the housewife, sleep on her face, gray shawl over her nightdress, slippered, shuffles into the little store to buy unbottled milk.

A bicycle shop; a news and stationery store; a butcher; the delicatessen with frankfurters and potato salad; a block away the pillars of the Elevated to Manhattan; around the corner a little poolroom where they'll sell you gin. The fellow who owned the bicycle store, some South American, tried to get funny with a fourteen-year-old girl; yesterday he got sent away for five years; the bicycle store is closed. In the evening the kids from the neighborhood gather in the Bijou motion-picture house, sit in the rear seat on the side, and pet.

Mrs. Shroeder's husband works in a shoe store. Mrs. Mamie Roonan is the wife of a grave digger over at the Calvary cemetery; her daughter Carol will come to nothing good. Lizzie Lewis certainly has lived. She was a lady barber in Kansas City, if she wasn't worse. She's been in every city in the country and did something else in every one. Now she's a chiropodist, and she experiments with an Indian remedy to take the place of a surgical abortion. The women in the neighborhood have heard about the remedy. Lizzie makes them pay her twenty-five, gives them the remedy and hopes for the best. She's young yet, just over her change of life; so she answers matrimonial ads, but hasn't had much luck. They're all too stingy, or they're much too ugly. Lizzie's son Lorry is a misfit. He has read too much. During her wanderings Lizzie for a time put him into an asylum, and it made him just a little queer. He'd like to write scenarios because they pay so well, but his head doesn't work quite right. He'll go some place, go to Los Angeles, save up money, and then he's got to go to see his mother—because she's sick, because he's . . . because he's got to see her.

It's not the city, and it's not the country; and there is no reason for the dirt, because there's room and air and grass, but there is dirt and smell—and people who are old should not try to live, but still they do—and people should not try to read, because it makes them think, and maybe it makes them also crazy. And the head throbs; and what is it all about? And let us get a quart of gin, and take the El to Coney Island. Maybe we'll find a couple of girls, and take some rides, fast rides, so that the head will whirl; and then we'll dance. Then, stirred by the rush of air, by the salt of sea, by the alcohol, and by the women with us, we'll go to some dark and warm and quiet place, drink up the rest of the gin and sink into the ultimate forgetfulness.

It is a very good book, and a very sad book; and it describes those misfit, submerged, worse than bottom dogs, the scum that rises from the horrid boiling in the city, and settles, gray, foul, on the edge. Gogol described it, so did Zola; it is nowhere more hopeless than in Dahlberg's "Bottom Dogs" and "From Flushing to Calvary." It hurts to read; and it will probably not be read, although it should. In some cities you see the outskirts when you come by train. But you are tired, and you close your eyes, anticipating pleasures of the downtown, the cleanliness and comforts of the residential section. So you ignore the edge. The only hope is that you will read these books; because then you will not close your eyes.

NATHAN ASCH.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY

EMILY DICKINSON FACE TO FACE, by Martha Dickinson Bianchi. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 314 pages. $3.50.*

This book is a miscellany that will be of interest mainly to those absorbed in the literature about Emily Dickinson, who like to follow any minor strand about the poet, even those of cobweb, though again the one or two larger issues of her life take shape. There is a considerable sound of muffled thunderbolts when certain writers about the poet are referred to—never by name. Madame Bianchi seems to dispose rather effectually of the case of George Gould. As to the subversive influence of Edward Dickinson, the testimony here bears out that revealed in Mrs. Todd's monumental collection of the letters. Emily Dickinson's deep devotion to her father is shown, and also her airy, even satirical detachment. Madame Bianchi is penetrating in her argument that Emily Dickinson cannot rightly be called "lonely." But many of the details of the book leave the title far behind, including as they do an account of the lineage of the Dickinsons and letters of Austin Dickinson to his wife before their marriage. Only the first chapter will be of general interest. Its materials supplement those of the "Life and Letters"; they are not precisely new, but they are fresh. The book would be of value if only for its inclusion of a charming portrait of the three little Dickinsons as children, bringing to mind another portrait that rightly belongs in the context of any remembrance of this poet, the shadowy, crude, ethereal painting of the young Brontës.

HISTORY

OUR TIMES: 1909-1914, by Mark Sullivan. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 629 pages, illustrated. $3.75.*

Mark Sullivan's method is that of the city editor writ large. He is not concerned with the secret springs of history, but only with news values. In the fourth volume of "Our Times," which carries the reader through the years when Taft was sitting in the White House and wishing he had taken an alternative appointment to

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the Supreme Court, we get highlights of surface change—the fight against "Cannonism," the battle for and against the Payne-Aldrich tariff, the woman's-suffrage agitation, the Johnson-Jeffries fight and subsequent fear of race rioting, Henry Ford's decision to pay his workers $5 a day, the success of Model T, the conquest of the magazines by the advertiser, the coming of the bunny hug and the turkey trot, the beginnings of jazz, the idiocy of the hobble skirt, the Bull Moose fever. Beneath the fluff there is the sense, born of the hindsight of the reader, that no reformer belonging to the period of the quest for social justice could stop this innocent United States from plunging into the war that was the result of an overripe capitalism. Mr. Sullivan is amusingly evocative, but he is far from sound. He overrates the effect of New York on the real culture of America; he writes a long section on Bernard Shaw without commenting on the key to Shaw—that he was a Fabian Socialist; he treats the Bull Moose business without reference to the part played by Munsey and Perkins; he regards Andrew Carnegie as a saint. Required reading for Mr. Sullivan: Claude Bowers' "Beveridge" or Amos Pinchot's manuscript of the Progressive-party beginnings, Edmund Wilson on Bernard Shaw, and the sections on the Pittsburgh of Carnegie's time in Dreiser's "A Book About Myself."

Fiction

ALTOGETHER NOW! by Kiskaddon Wylie. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.*

Eighteen, just through freshman year, indignant and disillusioned, Wylie sat down to write a true story, the publishers say. To use the author's expression, it is a "belly full of college." With short sketches of the functions that occur in every college, Wylie builds the characters of Spider Klim, the drunkard who tries suicide; Slane Thompson, who leaves in disgust and in love with a promiscuous girl; Paul Drek, serious but too sensible to be overwhelmed; and others. These participate in and react to the stupidities of fraternity politics and initiations, cynical discussions and adventures in sex or religion, the football game (described with consummate realism), the inanities of chapel, the hypocrisy of the faculty. With a precocious literary talent Wylie tells in story form enough to scare any father or please any critic of the American college, and yet not enough to keep any boy from going to get his own bellyful of it.

ONE DAY IN OCTOBER, by Sigurd Hoel. *Translated from the Norwegian by Solvi and Richard Bateson. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.*

Similar to "Grand Hotel" in treatment and atmosphere, this novel has for its setting an apartment house in Oslo. Its central character is Fru Ravn, a beautiful divorcee who attracts and distracts men with extraordinary ease. Her former husband, a scientist, had not escaped the power of her charms, but unlike his successors had the strength of mind to attach more importance to his work. Hurt, because it was in her nature to dominate, Fru Ravn tries a new mode of life, earning her own living and having casual relationships with a number of men, but fails to find contentment; and when her husband refuses to take her back, she commits suicide. In accompaniment to this main theme, the author brilliantly analyzes the private lives of the other tenants in the house, most of whom are in some way affected by Fru Ravn's personality. As a novel that reduces life to small compact packages, "One Day in October" is more impressive for its ingenuity than for its depth.

PETER ASHLEY, by DuBose Heyward. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.*

Charleston during the four tense months that preceded the outbreak of the Civil War provides both background and dominating influence in this romantic novel of the period. The central figure, Peter Ashley, is a young man whose education as a Southern gentleman has been supplemented by broader studies at Harvard and Oxford and who, consequently, finds himself a little outside the Secessionist fervor of his group. The author's theme, a curiously sober one to find embedded in a tale of hoop skirts and duels, seems to be the futility of any attempt to transcend one's environment, for after permitting Peter a brief philosophic interlude, Mr. Heyward throws him into complacent harmony with his surroundings and intimates that it is better thus. The modern skepticism which tinges a story otherwise given over to the gestures of chivalry may be responsible for a certain unconvincingness in the character of Peter. Whatever the cause, and despite certain stirring scenes, this is a far more chilly performance than the deep-toned Negro stories for which Mr. Heyward is famed.

RIDERS OF THE NIGHT, by Hanns Heinz Ewers. *Translated from the German by George Halasz. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.*

In Pavlov's laboratory in Petrograd, dogs are subjected to shocks and deprivations, and neuroses follow with a horrible inevitability. International affairs and economic struggles reproduce on a gigantic scale these impressive but terrifying experiments. The War, and after it the profound humiliation at Versailles, and after that the Polish incursions in East Germany and the Franco-Belgian intrigue to dismember the Rhineland into a group of autonomous buffer states, all contributed to produce mass neuroses in Germany. The volunteer bands which fought the Poles at one end of Germany and the "traitors" at the other end, were men driven by a neurosis. Their patriotism, as Ewers unintentionally reveals it, was morbid and hysterical, and allured the unbalanced. Ewers is himself obviously a fanatical nationalist; it is a tribute to his literary powers that he maintains artistic balance through a story of possessed men and women in an epoch of tragic instability and conflict.

THE HAUNTED MIRROR, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. *New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.*

It is surprising that the manner of writing which in Miss Roberts' novels produced an effect of such grave, deep and effortless beauty, achieves in this collection of short sketches a beauty distinctly fragile and precious. Here as always she is the poet, enriching with exquisite sensibility, with phrases of solemn accuracy and grace, the world she recreates for her readers; peopling it with characters who, whether mountaineers or cultured landowners, are themselves poets. Yet the tenuousness of these stories, their unexpected and disturbing betrayal of artfulness, leaves one convinced that the novel is the happier medium for the art of which Miss Roberts is a consummate master.

Contributors

Walter N. Polakov, a consulting management engineer, is responsible for many radical innovations in power-plant management. Besides advising scores of manufacturing corporations, he has served as power engineer for the United States Shipping Board and as consulting engineer for the Supreme Economic Council of Soviet Russia. His books include "Mastering Power Production," "Man and His Affairs" and "Power Plant Management."

Murray E. King, editor and writer, has been connected for the past thirty years with the Labor, Socialist and Farmer-Labor movements.

Paul Rosenfeld, the author of several books of literary, musical and esthetic criticism, has published one novel and is now working on his second.

Walter Millis, who has been a newspaper man in New York City for the past ten years, is the author of "The Martial Spirit," a study of the Spanish-American War.

Herman Simpson was one of the editors of The New York Call.

Lindsay Rogers, the author of several volumes and of numerous articles on social subjects, is Burgess Professor of Public Law at Columbia University.

Cuthbert Wright, who published "The Story of the Catholic Church," teaches English and History at St. Andrew's School in Tennessee.

Nathan Asch, the author of "Pay Day" and two other novels, has contributed to various left-wing literary magazines and is at present in Hollywood writing dialogue for the talkies.

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